

THE LIVING AGE.

Seventh Series
Volume XV.

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From Beginning
Vol. CCXXXIII.

CONTENTS.

I. The Situation in Spain. <i>By John Foreman.</i>	CONTEMPORARY REVIEW 129
II. Fenelon and His Critics.	QUARTERLY REVIEW 136
III. The Winds of Cathrigg. Chapter I. <i>That Day.</i> Chapter II. The Day After. <i>By Christabel Coleridge.</i> (To be continued).	SUNDAY MAGAZINE 152
IV. On Religious Novels. <i>By Jane H. Findlater.</i>	NATIONAL REVIEW 161
V. The Book of the Dead.	NATURE 160
VI. The Blush. <i>By S. M. Creed.</i>	LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE 172
VII. A Site in Moorfields.	ACADEMY 181
VIII. Pierre Loti in Peking.	LONDON TIMES 185
IX. A Bird Study at Dawn. <i>By Edmund Selous.</i> . .	SATURDAY REVIEW 188
X. Bird of Paradise. <i>By Rosamund Marriott Watson.</i>	PALL MALL MAGAZINE 192
XI. Finite and Infinite. <i>By Francis Annesley.</i>	CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL 192
XII. Solus Cum Sola. <i>By Arthur Munby.</i>	192
XIII. From Juvenal. <i>By Stephen Gwynn.</i>	192
BOOKS AND AUTHORS	190

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SEVENTH SERIES.
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FROM BEGINNING
Vol. CCXXXIII.

THE SITUATION IN SPAIN.

It is evident that if the cry for reconstitution of Spain's shattered forces, which resounded throughout the peninsula after the disaster of 1898, is ever to find response, it will not be through constitutional means. Spain is to-day torn asunder by interests so discordant that the hope of ever raising her to prosperity by united action is extremely remote. The aspirations of the large, but helpless, majority undoubtedly tend to one end, against which more powerful minorities are constantly operating. The chaos of conflicting legitimate interests is further increased by certain leading politicians whose patriotism is overbalanced by their eagerness for power. Apparently the life-object of the foremost men is to be, or to have been, Prime Minister. The late General Martinez Campos once became Prime Minister on the hopeless program of Cuban autonomy, but later on declined the high office, with its responsibilities, when his country's position was critical. General Polavieja, the champion of the clericals, who lately formed a dual government with Francesco Silvela, has disappeared from public view; General Azañaga, who last year led his party to office, is not satisfied with retirement; and the once Prime Minister Silvela contentedly played into the hands

of the veteran politician Sagasta, the chief of the present Government, whose reluctance to resign office in 1898 cost the country the loss of her colonies.

The claims of the several divergent parties have, at least, a more laudable basis than the aims of personal ambition. The great problems impossible of solution or harmony by any Government yet established in Spain are the Catalunian claims, a satisfactory system of taxation, clerical preponderance, Carlist pretensions, home industry and army and navy reform.

In Barcelona, the capital of Catalonia, there are two political factions, the Separatists and the Autonomists. Formerly the Separatists were in the majority; but in view of the utter impracticability of their scheme many of them have gone over to the more moderate Autonomists.

Last October I was in Barcelona the guest, for a few days, of the ex-president of the Catalunian Trades Deputation to the Government. I learnt from him that the Catalunian Autonomists simply claimed absolutely independent administrative and fiscal powers. The party, he assured me, had no political program beyond the preservation of these privileges. When I discussed the Catalunian question in Madrid the other day with a high person-

age in political circles, his explanation was as follows:

If Catalonia's claim had never gone beyond autonomy, all Spain would have admitted it, because Catalonia rightly complains of the dilatoriness of our system of administrative concentration in Madrid and the injustice of her industry being heavily taxed to counterbalance the shortcomings or poverty of other provinces. But we cannot grant what we now know would be the first step towards disintegration of the nation. The Autonomists of to-day would become Separatists on the morrow of their victory. But the Catalans fail sufficiently to appreciate the fact that separation would bring material ruin upon themselves. Catalanian manufacturers find a free market all over Spain. The trade of that district is protected by duties imposed on foreign competing products. If Catalonia ever ceased to be an integral part of the kingdom we could utterly ruin her trade by prohibitory tariffs, and in a year's time she would clamor to rejoin us.

In Valencia there is a constant agitation in favor of an administrative division of Spain into Cantons, each having its own local laws, much on the United States' model. Indeed General Polavieja only came into power in 1898, in coalition with Silvela, by virtually promising this form of government; and the Valencianos, relying on his assurances, started by issuing their cantonal postage stamps, some of which I have before me at this moment.

Then there are many causes of general discontent. Just now there is a powerful agitation all over the country against an obnoxious tax known as "Consumos," levied on all food (except bread) entering the towns. This tax produces for the Treasury ninety millions of pesetas (say £2,600,000) and for the Municipalities a further seventy millions of pesetas (say £2,000,000). The Treasury portion is fixed, whilst the Municipal rating varies, so that some

towns pay in the total more or less than others. For instance, wine taken into Barcelona pays 433 per cent. and the same article taken into Madrid pays over 200 per cent. on the original cost. The tax, moreover, is extremely unpopular in form. Suppose a towns-woman went to a market outside the town to make her purchases and brought in her basket fowls, fish, meat and vegetables for the day's consumption; all these things would be roughly overhauled, examined and taxed. The mode of levying this tax has, within the last few years, led to open riot and bloodshed. Meetings are just now being held in every province to protest against the impost and demand its abolition. So strong is the movement, that it is expected the Government will propose to extinguish the tax gradually at the rate of ten per cent. per annum. Of course, nothing short of total abolition will satisfy the people, to whom the system of collection is far more repugnant than the sum imposed; but the Government is at its wits' end to know how to raise the equivalent revenue elsewhere.

Although Spain has recovered more rapidly than many anticipated from the shock of 1898, there is no doubt that she is suffering considerably, both politically and commercially, from the loss of her colonies. The export trade of Barcelona alone is calculated to have fallen off by about £3,000,000 per annum, whilst the constant remittances of money made by colonial traders for investment in the Peninsula, which in the aggregate were considerable, have all ceased. It is true the colonies contributed nothing to the home Treasury, but, on the contrary, were a source of expense. Yet there was a great advantage in possessing the colonies as places of refuge for all the discontented politicians and hangers-on of the Government, and as outlets for the surplus military and naval forces and ec-

clergymen, most of whom have returned to the Peninsula to the great embarrassment of the Government. There is a large number of general and other military officers without employment simply wasting public money, and no War Minister dares to place them definitely on the retired list. As to the naval officers, it is well known that about three-fourths of them might well be dispensed with. The existing remnant of Spain's navy would be useless against any maritime power, and as she cannot create an efficient fleet, why have one at all? A few cruisers and a small State service of despatch boats would suffice for communication with and transport to the home ports, the Canaries, Morocco and the West African possessions; but no Government has the courage to propose what is freely spoken of *sotto voce*, namely the suppression of that skeleton navy which is only maintained to satisfy the national pride.

There is far more wealth in Spain than foreigners generally suppose, and one is naturally led to enquire why the Government, knowing this, does not establish a system of taxation which would fall, more or less *pro rata*, on that wealth. In theory it is so, and the richest classes generally pay their share without much demur; but from the small property-owner, the middle-class trader and the well-to-do shop-keeper downwards, who form the immense majority, there is deliberate fraud and a persistent endeavor to evade taxation by false returns and fictitious claims for rebate; and this causes much delay and the necessity of employing large staffs of officials, in different capacities, for the examination of the claims and the final enforcement of payment. Naturally, if ten per cent. of the taxpayers loyally pay their quota and ninety per cent. try to pay as little as possible, it would be grossly unfair to raise the rate of taxation,

which would operate exorbitantly against the honest ten per cent. The same may be said of the Customs revenue, which would yield far more but for the evasion of duty, aided by the officials always seeking to enrich themselves at the expense of the State. In short, the honest few pay heavily for the dishonesty of the many; and if this fact could be reversed the rate of taxation in Spain would cover all her needs; but before this could come to pass the character of the people would have to change. The guiding principle of the Spaniard, individually and collectively, seems to be "each one for himself;" the welfare of the community is no one's concern. At least the inculcation of a more intelligent conception of the duty of the citizen, through the channel of secular education, is the adopted theme of the politicians who most ardently combat clerical preponerance.

Priestly influence continues to undermine all attempts at social progress. It has no connection whatsoever with religion, pure and simple; it is a vast political organization, much stronger than any other in the country. It imposes itself upon all classes of society from the palace to the cottage. It terrifies alike great ladies and peasant women, who in turn exercise their sway over the acts, if not over the minds, of the men. It imbues a sentiment of horror for everything which signifies enlightenment, and "Liberalism" is frequently, to this day, openly denounced from the pulpits throughout the realm, as a pernicious, soul-wrecking innovation. Under the guise of religious teaching thousands of semi-political catechisms have been printed and distributed amongst the ignorant. I see some questions and answers run thus:—

Q. What is Liberalism?

A. A dangerous organization.

Q. What is a Liberal?
 A. One abandoned by God.
 Q. Is it a sin to be a Liberal?
 A. It is not only a sin to be a Liberal, but to call yourself one.

Recently a priest was heard to exclaim in public, "Would to God the people knew not how to read or write!"; and these catechisms are intended for the benefit of those upon whom the calamity of a little knowledge has fallen.

Governments, Liberal and Conservative, rising and falling in succession, are quite powerless to satisfy the aspirations of the people or secure their emancipation from the thraldom of sacerdotalism. Whence comes this deadlock and wherein lies the secret of insuperable difficulty?

There are many drastic measures in the mind's eye of the would-be reformer, viz. (1) The expulsion from the country of all monastic orders and the extinction of the regular clergy living in any form of community; (2) The removal of the clergy from public offices, educational and otherwise; (3) The establishment of compulsory secular education in every town; (4) The prohibition of street religious processions, called *jubileos*, which excite the fanaticism of the masses. But there are so many wheels within wheels that the scheme could not be carried out by constitutional means. When the clericals are hard pressed, or threatened by Parliamentary measures, they appeal to Rome, where the curia holds the key which opens or shuts the door of Carlism.

Except the Basque peasantry, not one in a million seriously believes in the coming advent to the throne of Don Carlos or his heir Don Jaime. Don Carlos himself, a man of singular discernment, may secretly hope for, but cannot expect to enjoy, more than the passing fame of being a Pretender to the throne of Castile. Carlism is sim-

ply an instrument in the hands of Rome, wielded through the Spanish hierarchy; thus when the status and privileges of this class are menaced by the Spanish Government one hears of Carlist risings near the Pyrenees; when the proposed radical measures are withdrawn the Carlist bogey is locked up again.

Talking the other day with a politician of high rank, who in 1898 refused the Governor-Generalship of Cuba because he objected to haul down the Spanish flag in Havana, I expressed my astonishment that the Queen Regent and her Ministry could not foresee the folly of crossing swords with the United States. His reply was very categorical. Patriotism, he said, did not influence any one in a position to decide between peace and war. The Queen's first thought was the safety of her family and dynasty; Sagasta feared he might lose his office and popularity; and the generals could only express their willingness to support any resolution of the Government, without discussing its probable issue, for fear of being accused of cowardice. Then there were others who very clearly foresaw the chance of promotion, if they came out of the fray alive, whatever the result of the war might be. The populace, supported by the clergy, clamored for war, whilst Don Carlos issued a manifesto threatening to raise his standard if Cuba were yielded to America. If the Queen had opposed these collective forces her throne would have been swept away, and when the safety of her dynasty and that of her adopted country hung in opposite scales, she did not hesitate on which side to throw her influence. But, he added, after all, the loss of our colonies is entirely due to an unforeseen event —the moral support given by England to America;—and the present generation can never forget England's unfriendly intervention.

Notwithstanding all the outcry about regeneration of the country and the many panaceas put forward immediately after the war by every leading politician, the Government of Spain has lapsed into the old grooves, namely, a Silvela Ministry (successors of Canovas del Castillo) alternating with a Sagasta cabinet in office. General discontent prevails throughout the realm, and to support the present dynasty, becoming daily more unpopular, a considerable amount of intrigue, bribery and wire-pulling at the elections has to be resorted to; for everybody knows that were it possible for the true will of the people to find representation in the Cortes through the medium of a general election of deputies, the inevitable result would be the proclamation of a Republic. A large Republican party exists, but there is want of union. The Republicans are divided into more groups than our Liberal party in England, from the respectable section headed by Senor Pi y Margall,¹ the staunch advocate of popular education, down to the men of violent action and Communist principles. Since the Bourbon restoration (in 1875) the Republicans have merely served as a check upon the encroachments of the clerical party, and only as the natural sequence of a grave crisis could the Pi y Margall group ever find themselves in power. Such a crisis, however, might happen any day in the demise of the King—for the general impression is that his Majesty will not live long enough to leave legitimate issue. In that case the Bourbon dynasty would undoubtedly fall, and be superseded by a more popular form of government; for certainly the Princess of Asturias's last threadbare chance of succession, under any circumstances, was irretrievably lost last winter when she married the son of Count Caserta of Naples.

¹ He died November 29th last.

But a still more important movement is at this moment being contemplated by a brand new party, which has never before come to the front. The principal promoters of the scheme are a general whose name was on every one's lips in America just before the war, a prominent deputy indirectly concerned in the Dupuy de Lôme incident at Washington, and a general of division who, until a year ago, enjoyed the favor and confidence of the Queen Regent. With one of these I have been on intimate terms of friendship for many years. Their program is a military *pronunciamento* and a seizure of the Government, with the support of the Army. As one of them remarked to me the other day, every step on the road to freedom and progress in Spain has been gained by violence. The most famous Spanish statesmen of the nineteenth century have either led or joined in conspiracies against the *régime* existing in their day. The present King owes his position to the *coup d'état* of the late Marshal Martinez Campos. The justification for the intended movement is very clear. The will of the people, the expression of which is, and ever will be, distorted at the elections, is in favor of a Republic, not on the model of that which followed the deposition of Queen Isabella in 1868, but a Republic backed by a standing army which shall guarantee liberty and suppress libertinage. The coming reformers have carefully gauged the forces which will be arrayed against them. They will have to contend with Rome, the Carlists, the clerical party and the adherents of the dynasty, with its dependent Conservative and Liberal parties. But they are determined to decide, once for all, by the use or demonstration of force, without bloodshed if possible, whether Spain shall, in future, be ruled by the voice of the majority, or continue to be the battlefield of irreconcilable rival factions. It

is a historical fact that there never was a happy, contented nation existing under a Bourbon monarchy; and the revolution would give hope, at least, to fatalists who regard the present *régime* with positive despair. In Spain mutual distrust, intrigue and calumny of one's political foes combine to render a *rapprochement* between parties, by peaceful endeavor, an absolute impossibility. Let us come to facts.

The creation of monopolies (tobacco, cigars, wax matches, etc., etc.) is due to the want of confidence on the part of the Government of the day in the loyalty of the taxpayers, the Treasury feeling more secure in receiving a lump sum down from a corporation or syndicate than in collecting the tax piece-meal through the ordinary channels. The other day I went with a Senator to look over his beet-sugar works a few miles out in the country. Discussing the sugar duty question, I enquired why he did not, as a Senator, propose to establish a scale of duty according to the class of the product, instead of having a hard and fast uniform rate, seeing that this reform would stimulate a new industry by the use of what is now wasted raw material. Smiling at my suggestion, he at once replied that the Government fears that the manufacturers would defraud the State by declaring the bulk of their first-class sugar on the lower scale. If a Government inspector came he would be looking for a bribe. Moreover, a Senator who is at the same time a sugar manufacturer could not successfully propose the reform, because he would be twitted with being an interested party, and any other Senator would refuse to raise the question on the ground that sugar duties did not concern him.

The man who holds or seeks to hold a high position under any constitutional monarchy in this country must be prepared for calumny. It is the

very life of a score of newspapers, such as "La Pátria," "El País," "El Evangelio," etc., which launch the vilest accusations against all in office. Quite half the time at the Parliamentary sittings is taken up with personal explanations and the making and refutation of charges of dishonesty. Last month I witnessed a remarkable scene in the Chamber of Deputies. It appears that about two years ago a certain Juan Urquia returned to the Peninsula after having held a small Government employment, first in Cuba and lately in Manila. At the time the entire nation was incensed against all the civil, military and naval officials who had been abroad, openly accusing them of bribery, cowardice and all the evil doings that a disappointed people could imagine. Juan Urquia arrived in Madrid just at the time the public were predisposed to believe anything detrimental to the Sagasta Government. Under the pseudonym of "Captain Truth," Juan Urquia started publishing a series of "revelations" in which he openly charged certain persons whom he named with the grossest acts of treason, cowardice, robbery and venality. At length he was arrested pending inquiry, but being strongly backed up by public sympathy and loud protests against the truth being stifled by Government order, he was soon set free. In response to public clamor a Military Court of Honor was established, before which, amongst others, there appeared a certain General, one of "Captain Truth's" victims. The General was condemned by the Court, and Juan Urquia's popularity increased in consequence. However, according to one of the judges, who personally explained the matter to me, the accused General was acquitted of the charges brought against him, but was condemned by his Peers because he declined to challenge his accuser to fight. Others had already taken up their own cause against

Juan Urquia and unsuccessfully fought duels with him. At the last general elections Juan Urquia was returned to Parliament as the champion of truth and the boldest denouncer of official corruption. Then, having started the newspaper "La Pátria," he continued his slanderous campaign against anybody in office. The notorious obstructionist Romero Robledo, Member for Málaga, in his general criticism of the Government policy, made indirect allusion to Juan Urquia's public impeachment of Señor Moret, the President of the Chamber. The precise allegation was that Señor Moret had accepted a bribe of "\$25,000 from Bilbao, two millions of pesetas for one waterfall concession, \$30,000 for another, 80,000 pesetas for another negotiation, \$90,000 for an appointment, a deal more for a colony and a still larger sum for railway concessions." The matter having thus been brought, in a formal manner, before Parliament by Romero Robledo, Moret made a speech, giving the lie direct to Juan Urquia, who, in tones of abject humility, had to confess to the falsity of all he had said or written against the President and ex-Minister Moret. Amidst a scene of great confusion and cries of indignation the Chamber resolved that the case of Deputy Urquia should be formally dealt with in secret session. In a few hours the newsboys rushed along the streets of the capital with bundles of "special editions" under their arms, announcing to the astonished Madrilenos the "Defeat of Captain Truth."

Political unity is quite impossible when the different parties are striving to arrive at different goals. In Spain the common good of the nation is quite

a secondary consideration. The objective points of the Clericals, the Cantonists or Regionalists and the Republicans are so wide apart that Spain needs the stern rule of a strong man—a sort of Porfirio Diaz—who would not hesitate to sacrifice a few for the good of the many, to enforce, *nolens volens*, unity of action, at least. If the right man exists in Spain at all, I have good reason to believe he will be found in the new revolutionary trio to whom I have alluded. Let us hope, for Spain's sake, that when the time comes, he will not meet with the same fate as his illustrious predecessor Juan Prim.

Spain has made such great strides on the path of individual liberty during the past century that it is more fair to compare her present condition with that of a century ago than to estimate it by the English standard of social and political advancement; for the Spaniards only awoke to a just appreciation of their rights as a people generations after ours were well established. No nation in the world has attained its freedom without violence and bloodshed. After all, Spain is only at the stage which we have passed through. We have had our civil wars of emancipation and—as late as the Georgian era—our period of political corruption, sales of offices, sales of election votes and appointments of Court favorites to sinecures, and our misconception of colonials' rights, with the consequent territorial loss to ourselves.

Progress is born of discontent, for it is clear that if we were fully satisfied with the present, there would be no incentive to seek improvement in the future.

John Foreman.

FENELON AND HIS CRITICS.*

"So familiar to us is Fénelon already, his reputation is so universally established," says Cardinal de Bausset at the beginning of his long task, "that it may seem superfluous, and perhaps impossible, to make him better known. His memory is no less dear to strangers than to France. His most commendable works have been rendered into all languages. They are among the few that, by general consent, fascinate childhood, shed light on riper years, and spread a charm over the decline of life." These praises furnish the text of a panegyric in four volumes, which Lord Peterborough, the wild "Mordan-to," writing from Cambrai to Locke, has anticipated in a sentence. "On my word, I must quit this place as soon as possible, for if I stay here another week I shall be a Christian in spite of myself." By the side of such a witness, even Joseph de Maistre can hardly exaggerate. "Do we wish," exclaims the latter, "to paint ideal greatness? Let us try to imagine something which surpasses Fénelon—we shall not succeed." Last of all, Mr. John Morley—not without a glance at his masters, the philosophers of the eighteenth century—has written: "When we turn to modern literature from Fénelon's pages, who does not feel that the world has lost a sacred accent, as if some ineffable essence had passed out from our hearts?"

Charm is the quality which we associate with this delightful name. It lingers about Fénelon's writings, though we have ceased to read them, but still more about the man, who is a

saint in the eyes of multitudes not attracted by official sanctity; who is thought to have preached toleration while minister of a crusade against the Huguenots; who was certainly a lover of his kind during the fierce and bloody war of the Spanish Succession; and an apostle of liberty that dared to withstand Louis XIV. Fénelon speaks, it is said, with the accents of a Hebrew prophet; he is a man of modern taste and tone when French literature was apeing the Latins with Corneille, or had tricked out the Greeks in feeble elegance with Racine; and, to crown all, he is a martyr, spending half a life in disgrace, thanks to the machinations of the Court faction, which dreaded his incorruptible goodness. Such is the Fénelon of our dreams. What was the reality?

This question, at all times a disputable one, has lately been stirred among French critics with immense fervor, with an erudition that has searched into old documents and new under concentrated lights, and with a tenacity of opposed convictions which leaves the reader as bewildered as that good man in the Latin comedy. "Incertior sum multo quam dudum," he will probably exclaim, when he has finished studying the works recited in our opening list, and the many that might be added. Fénelon, like Cardinal Newman, belongs to the world's debate. Materials, in both instances, are not lacking on which to form a judgment; friends and enemies appear in the witness-box to tell us all they know; but when we have done our

* 1. "François de Fénelon." By Viscount St. Cyres, late student of Christ Church. London: Methuen, 1901.

2. "Fénelon, his Friends and Enemies." By E. K. Sanders. London: Longmans, 1901.

3. "Fénelon et Bossuet." Par L. Crouse, Pro-

fesseur à la Faculté des Lettres. Two vols. Paris: Champion, 1894.

4. "Histoire de Fénelon." Par le Cardinal de Bausset. Paris, 1850.

And other works.

best in the way of elucidating these complex and versatile personalities, we doubt whether something has not escaped us; they seem too fluent to be fixed, too abundant in their very outpourings for simplicity, reserved in the flush of self-portraiture. They are most attachable, yet always stand aloof from the disciples to whom they yield themselves most readily. With explanations of their acts or their meaning they never have done. But we are never tired of hearing about them; and one more attempt to sketch the character of Fénelon, after the latest authorities, may be suffered, if only we do not pretend to have solved the problem which has baffled so many acute historians.

Pathos and polemics will always attend on Fénelon's appearance in theology or letters. He would not be discussed so warmly at this moment in France had not M. Brunetièrē set himself to champion the great name of Bossuet—greater, as he contends, than the greatest; above Molière, Pascal, Victor Hugo. Bossuet and Fénelon were friends, enemies, combatants, forever united and forever hostile, like the rival brothers in Æschylus. To M. Brunetièrē it is evident that Fénelon was in the wrong; and the editor of the "Revue des Deux Mondes" is foremost of French critics, endlessly learned in his own literature, in manner of speech a Carlyle, rugged, eloquent, full of fire and passion, not easily subdued. Reading Fénelon's "Correspondence," he seems to have discovered in it, not the ideal grandeur of which de Maistre speaks, but duplicity and intrigue. A calmer observer, M. Crouslé, on the same evidence, has arrived at conclusions almost identical. M. Lanson, equally competent, is equally severe. In M. Faguet's pages we listen to an echo of the ancient praise; Fénelon is there, not only a distinguished intellect, but "supremely kind,

compassionate, generous," certainly a "grand seigneur," yet noble in a higher sense, endowed with the "finest sensibilities of the heart," a Lamartine who did not write verse. But still M. Faguet warns his readers that, if they would comprehend the author of "Télémaque," they must forget all that the eighteenth century has written about him; it was "a gross blunder;" and the Archbishop could never have been "a suffragan of the Vicaire Savoyard." Finally, M. Caro has uttered the epigram which stings and kills: "Fénelon would be a saint were it not for his 'disinterested love.'" Thus he is made to step down from the pedestal on which he has been exalted, to take his place among the rank and file of imperfect human sinners.

When we turn to English accounts of Fénelon, there sounds again the note of war. It is tragical, yet it raises a smile, that in the same season two studies should have appeared, one of which, from the pen of a lady, is all worship and enthusiasm, while the other, written with virile strength founded on very complete knowledge, enforces the judgment pronounced by M. Crouslé and M. Brunetièrē. Of Miss Sanders's amiable work we shall not say a great deal. Its intention is excellent, its tone earnest, and in the last chapter it presents us with quotations from the Archbishop's "Spiritual Letters" that cannot be read without pleasure and profit. So much the more do we regret that, as a history, whether of Fénelon's acts or of his doctrines, this work cannot be relied upon. We shall point out a detail now and again as we go forward; but to notice all that might be more accurately said is no part of our intention. We much prefer to dwell on the qualities of our other volume, which is worthy, as even a superficial acquaintance with its pages will prove, of the most careful and searching criticism.

Viscount St. Cyres brings with him in his name a pleasing letter of introduction. The grandson of one whom Englishmen remember affectionately as Sir Stafford Northcote, he will be welcome to the readers of this Review on more than one account; and to a distinguished position in literature it may be said that hereditary tastes and training invite him. Apart, however, from these considerations, the "François de Fénelon" of Lord St. Cyres exhibits a claim on our attention by the accurate scholarship, careful thought, wide and varied reading, and brilliant wit, of which it gives continual evidence.

No source of information in any language has been overlooked. But the writer uses them all with serene and impartial judgment; he is without bias, though now and then inclined to satire; and we venture to assert that he is no less qualified than M. Brûnetière himself to offer an opinion where the facts of this somewhat perplexed biography are under examination. In a different province Lord St. Cyres is perhaps even better equipped. For the great French critic, whatever else he may be, will scarcely pretend to a master's chair in metaphysics; he has come late to questions of the School, and his divinity is not deep. Now the most striking chapters in our English volume are precisely those which deal with speculation; they handle with rare skill, not only the problems thrown out by Descartes and Malebranche, but the still more delicate investigations which are needed if we would not lose ourselves in the dim forest of Quietism. There is no kind of scholastic subtlety which is here superfluous; and the author has made acquaintance with them all. We know the mind of modern readers far too well to enter upon these "submerged continents and antediluvian eras," but we feel bound to recognize that Lord St. Cyres has explored

them and has come back alive with much treasure.

It is possible that, if Fénelon could look over this brief but full description of his fortunes, he would smilingly agree with it. He could not fail to take pleasure in the devotion of years which has studied him from every point of view, and has blended light and shade in a strong Rembrandt portrait. But he would surely end, as so often before, with enchanting candor: "I am really at a loss to explain myself. It is a secret that escapes me. What I am seems to change at every moment. No sooner have I uttered a sentence than I think it false. Ah, doubtless, I am the victim of unmortified self-love, and that is the truth at last." Was not this man irresistible?

Let us compare the Fénelon of the nineteenth century.

"And now that I am about to trace, as far as I can," says Newman in his "Apologia," "the course of that great revolution of mind which led me to leave my own home . . . I feel overcome with the difficulty of satisfying myself in my account of it, and have recoiled from doing so. . . . For who can know himself and the multitude of subtle influences which act upon him? And who can recollect . . . all that he once knew about his thoughts and his deeds?"

In the spirit of this admirable passage, so naive and just, Fénelon would have heartily concurred. Thus it is that he has drawn the picture of himself during his large correspondence of nearly thirty years. He could never write except as thinking aloud; and they must be his own thoughts, not borrowed or adapted, on the current text. From his letters, from "Télémaque" and the "Dialogues," from his pamphlets in the Quietist controversy, and his "Memoranda" on high public matters, we learn what manner of man he desired to be. From Bossuet, St.

Simon, Phélieux, and even the despicable Le Dieu, we may gather what his own generation thought he was. Can we trace the double portrait in clear outline? Perhaps such as follows might be the impression left, though not upon an enemy, by one whom Michelet terms "that great and beautiful spirit which held within it all things and was the sum of contradictions."

Sprung from an old but almost decayed family, the Salagnacs, this versatile Francis was born "in the poor Ithaca of his fathers," the Castle of Fénelon in Périgord, on August 6, 1651—not at the "zenith" of Louis XIV, as Miss Sanders calculates, but at his clouded rising. It was the time of the Fronde, and of Mazarin, "mayor of the palace," which the King never forgot amid his subsequent glories. But the Fénelons were not conspicuous enough to share in that dance of misrule. They could boast well-known ancestors, chief of whom was Bertrand, the ambassador in London, who had tempted Queen Elizabeth to the "gaping gulf of a popish marriage" with Alençon, the ugly pock-marked boy upon whom, like Titania in similar case, she doted. Little is extant concerning Fénelon's parents. He was a delicate child; his health seems to have been always uncertain; he suffered from sleepless nights; and his nerves were as high strung as his fancy was impressionable. Given such a temper and the Gascon descent, we expect in the grown man quickness to feel and to utter. He will be gay, sportive, winning, sensitive, proud, eloquent, yet wary or secret, ambitious, self-confident, and perhaps more caressing than attached.

In Fénelon we recognize certain features of Montaigne—his free-flowing language that mocks at pedantry; his supreme self-regard, his personal touch. Both handle literature as a revelation

of themselves, as biography; each is more Greek than Roman, in virtue of a certain playfulness, a preference for the easy chat of the armchair to the solemn tones of the pulpit, and an instinctive desire to penetrate beyond the shows of things into a reality which may be formless or chaotic, or a sublime darkness, but which cannot daunt them. How unlike Bossuet is all that! and how rare in the decorous, spectacular scenes of *le grande siècle*! True, Fénelon was devout, and Montaigne was worldly, not religious, far from ascetic. But these Gascons agree with each other while they are unlike, or contrary to, the grave Burgundian. Thus Bossuet and Fénelon were pre-destined rivals; so much we read in their brain, their heart, their nerves. If they met they would quarrel. Was it an advantage that Bossuet should be twenty-four years older than the brilliant "méridional?" With the generation of Louis XIV, undoubtedly; but with Voltaire, Jean Jacques, the eighteenth century, not so. Bossuet speedily became a classic, an antique who went back to the mossy days of Louis XIII. Fénelon's achievements cluster about the year 1700; he was recent and modern. In the long run, that is the position which these contrasted figures have assumed. We read Bossuet with reverence, but he seems hardly akin to us; while the manner, no less than the mind, of his younger rival appeals naturally to a world in many ways shaped according to the presentiments of "Télémaque." As for Montaigne, he is not more a French than a universal classic. He will be always read and always wrangled over. Can we say as much for the Bishop of Meaux?

A noble under Louis XIV might seek advancement in the Army or the Church; no other career was open to him. It was decided that Fénelon should take orders. He attended the local University of Cahors until he was

twelve years old. Then his people sent the boy to Paris, and, after a short sojourn at the Collège du Plessis, he entered the seminary of St. Sulpice. What that institution was at its beginning, it has ever since remained. M. Renan, grateful to his teachers while a renegade from their doctrine, has drawn a lively and taking picture of it—though perhaps a little too disdainful—in his "Souvenirs de Jeunesse." The founder, M. Oller, neither despised nor cultivated learning, but he trained his disciples to the inward life of silence, prayer, self-control and self-sacrifice. When Fénelon became an inmate of the seminary, the superior was M. Tronson, a man utterly detached from the pride of knowledge, deaf to secular ambition, austere, but exceedingly mild. He won the lad's heart, formed his character to introspection, and kindled within him an undying passion to imitate the holy men of God, especially St. Francis de Sales. The youth stayed there some ten years; he received ordination in 1675, spent three years in hard parish labor, and in 1678 was appointed superior of the "Nouvelles Catholiques."

At this point controversy begins. The "Nouvelles Catholiques" were ladies who had been Huguenot—but now and then even Mohammedans were included—sometimes, or often, girls taken at an early age from their parents, to be moulded into orthodox Gallicans under the fostering care of King Louis. A few, perhaps, entered the house of their own accord; most were sent thither, as by *lettre de cachet*; and a change of heart, to be accomplished by the chaplain, was expected of them in a very brief period. If still obstinate, they were passed on to harder prisons. Miss Sanders, by the way, speaks as though Louis XIV did not undertake the rooting out of Calvinism from his territories until he had triumphed over Molinos and Quietism

at Rome. But Molinos was condemned in 1687; and here are the "New Catholics" in full swing ten years earlier. The design against the Huguenots was of ancient date. Louis inherited the scheme from Richelieu; and it lay at all times closer to his heart than the putting down of a mere scholastic argument like that in which Fénelon entangled himself, and which bore no political significance whatever. But now we enquire, Was the "most brilliant and chimerical spirit in France"—to quote an uncertified saying which has been attributed to Louis XIV—also the most tolerant? Or was he tolerant at all?

The negative has been maintained with heat and violence by M. Douen, who contends that Fénelon was a "Tartuffe, a kidnapper and a persecutor of children," rather than the angel of mercy depicted by Marie Joseph de Chénier, after the tradition of the *philosophes*. On the subject of these "Nouvelles Catholiques," he has drawn up, says M. Crouslé, a list of horrors which it is painful to read. But how was Fénelon responsible? It appears that he did not himself torture the unhappy women, or seize the children. We may be sure that his own dealing with them was considerate, for he could never be cruel; but it is equally certain that he "let the King's justice take its way" when the victims would not be converted. His "toleration" is a pious legend. Bossuet, in his funeral oration on Le Tellier, could hail the revocation of the Edict of Nantes as "the miracle of our day." Fénelon held with him that the royal authority might call upon its subjects to profess the orthodox creed; and, except to Quakers or Socinians, what are now termed the rights of conscience appeared in all men's eyes, as Lord St. Cyres reminds us, and as Fénelon said, to be another name for "cowardly indulgence and false compassion." Though

the chaplain did not relish, and could not believe in, conversions to be effected within a fortnight, his motives were never those of religious tolerance. He shrank from sacrilege, not from the exercise of power, but from casting pearls before swine; so long as the unclean creatures refused to submit to the transforming influence of grace, they ought to be kept from approaching the altar.

This is what we perceive when we follow him in 1685 to the mission in Aunis and Saintonges. During his long retreat at the "Nouvelles Catholiques" he had been making important friends. His uncle, the Marquis de Fénelon, brought him within the magic circle of a Court which was now forming about Madame de Maintenon—the edifying chapter of "the Dukes," Beauvilliers and Chevreuse, who had married Colbert's daughters, and whose brother-in-law was M. de Seignelai. The latter was not himself pious, but, as minister on the sea-coast of Saintonges and Poitou, he became the cause of piety in others. M. de Seignelai died young, worn out by the life of a man of pleasure. The King had laid upon him a double burden—he was to see that the Huguenots of his district became Catholics, and to hinder them from escaping to England or Holland, a loss which would have seriously affected the royal navy. His dragoons he could manage himself; but missionaries were likewise wanted. He consulted M. Tronson, chose Fénelon, and put him at the head of this religious crusade.

Then it was, according to Cardinal de Bausset, that the pure enthusiast, taking leave of the King, begged him to recall his dragoons and let the Gospel do its work alone. The story is perhaps well founded. But Fénelon's correspondence with Seignelai and the Government tells us precisely what it is worth. And Madame de Sévigné is better still. "Father Bourdaloue,"

writes that lively lady, "is going to preach at Montpellier, where so many have been converted without knowing why; but the Father will explain it all, and will make good Catholics of them. Hitherto the dragoons have been excellent missionaries, but the clergy now to be sent will complete the work." Chapels had been closed, pastors exiled and soldiers were still in the neighborhood when Fénelon arrived. He describes the unhappy Huguenots as obstinate yet bewildered, in such terror that "to get quit of the military they would embrace the Koran." Their fields lay waste, their trade was ruined, famine threatened them. The more resolute were fleeing to foreign parts. Our gentle missionary pitied their sorrows, but he scorned their "cowardice and hypocrisy." His preaching drew crowds; yet he knew well that they were not converted. What was to be done? Fénelon's letters, published since 1874, show him, says Lord St. Cyres, as encouraging among his proselytes "wholesale dissimulation, bribery and espionage;" he went so far as to suggest the importation from Holland of manufactured Socinian libels which might undermine the influence of Juriel, and he recommended that the irrecoverable should be imprisoned or exiled to distant provinces, or deported to Canada as hostages for their families left behind. The others must send their children to the new schools and attend sermons for their own conversion under penalties carefully adapted to break them down. They must see the royal arm uplifted, ready to strike if they will not submit. "No honorable man," cries Miss Sanders indignantly, "could condone the treachery resorted to in dealing with the Huguenots." But Fénelon, by his own confession, took a hand in it; nor did he ever repent.

All this makes melancholy reading. Yet Fénelon won the affection of a peo-

ple who had been more harshly dealt with before he came. He remedied some abuses; he offended the extreme of his own party, and it is said that he lost his chance of a bishopric by these milder measures. He was far-sighted and politic. After eighteen months spent in a thankless task, at a distance from Versailles, he was urgent with Bossuet for his recall. Rather than stay longer, he cries with Gascon petulance, he will invent a heresy and so get his freedom. This light shaft might have been turned against him on a later day. For he did not go back to Paris and invent Quietism? Before that came to pass, however, he had achieved the conquest of M. de Meaux, of Madame de Maintenon and of society at large. When M. de Beauvilliers became governor of the Duke of Burgundy in 1689, Fénelon was at once appointed to the charge of his education. Character, gifts and management, all had concurred to secure this great position for a man who, however well-born, possessed neither title nor fortune, and who does not appear at any time to have won the confidence of his royal master.

Here would be the place to quote those unequalled pages from St. Simon (did not every student know them by heart) which paint the tall, thin churchman, pale as with fasting and vigil, from whom you cannot turn your eyes without an effort, who is affable, sprightly, always in keeping with himself, yet so considerate that he will never be more brilliant than the person he is addressing. Did Fénelon possess what are called good looks? The Bavarian Duchess of Orleans describes his "deep-set eyes and ugly face, all skin and bone." St. Simon talks of his appearance as "curious and unlike any other;" singular not handsome; and in the portrait by Philippe de Champagne we see the great nose, the swelling, if not somewhat sensuous lips, the ap-

pealing sentiment, but nothing like beauty of feature, or regularity of outline. In the eyes there is a dreaminess which tells us we are looking at a mystic, yet hardly one caught up into paradise, for he returns our gaze. D'Aguesseau remarks upon the "prophetic air" that in certain moments, as often in his "Spiritual Letters," he could not but assume. Yet "he was neither passionate nor masterful;" he ruled by seeming to give way; his touch was always light; his manner put every one at ease. That he loved dominion, that he could stoop to the smallest details in order to make it effective, and that he was quite as ready to direct the affairs of France in 1689, had the proposal been made to him, as to be schoolmaster over three unruly princes, admits of no question. He governed the family of Colbert already; he was measuring his influence over Madame de Maintenon with that of her confessor; and, though in terms a devoted scholar of the Bishop of Meaux, the points on which he quoted that illustrious man's opinions made for his own independence. He was intent on becoming a great preacher. With the skill which he never could deny himself, he set up Bossuet against Bourdaloue in his "Dialogue on Eloquence," that he might follow a way of his own. Nothing could be more legitimate, and nothing more characteristic.

Madame de Maintenon was the "goddess from the machine" to whom Fénelon owed this otherwise unlooked-for elevation. She had become the King's wife some time in 1683 or 1684—"thanks," says Michelet in his smiling way, "to a decent arrangement of commonplace qualities." But her soul was filled with *ennui* and sadness enough to kill her, as she wrote almost passionately to Mademoiselle de la Malisonfort. In spiritual friendships with the Beauvilliers and their kind she found a little consolation. But of this elect

company Fénelon was the director. To the Duchesse de Chevreuse he addressed his original and exquisite thoughts on the "Education of Girls," which were intended for the use of her own large household. And again, Madame de Maintenon was a born pedagogue, as St. Simon calls her, with his undeviating contempt for this upstart queen. She had established St. Cyr and peopled it with daughters of the *noblesse*, whom she governed more successfully than she managed public affairs—if she did manage them, which has been often denied. But here was an undoubted man of genius, at once the most persuasive of guides in religion and a tried expert in bringing up youth. Her choice has been approved by posterity. Fénelon was the master-spirit of his age in all that concerned education. Less manly than John Locke, he excelled that robust English mind in fineness, depth and polish of diction, while he would not have disputed with him as regarded the necessity of a return to nature from the artificial system so long prevailing. He was, indeed, too successful. His extraordinary grace and sovereign masterdom proved overwhelming to the solitary and difficult lad whom he took in charge. Genius absorbs as well as enlightens; and the Duke of Burgundy could not keep himself distinct enough from his teacher to shape his own career when the hour of decisive action struck.

Once more we should recite the story in St. Simon which has beggared all description since, of this turbulent, haughty, almost insanely proud creature, who, as soon as he could lisp, spoke and moved as though he were born divine, with only the King and the Dauphin above him. Fénelon, unlike Bossuet, had in his composition a vein of satire. His eyesight was quick; and there is in the words which spring to his lips whenever he talks of royal

persons a *sava indignatio* not less burning than Swift's, nor less sincere. "He is quite a prince," wrote the Archbishop of the Bavarian Elector in 1710; "that is to say, he has a weak head and corrupt morals." Where did Fénelon learn that philosophy except at Versailles? The King was an unbounded egoist, seeing only his own bright image in all eyes around. Heart he had none; he sacrificed wives and mistresses, children and grandchildren, and the very perpetuation of the royal race, to his own petty ceremonial, his personal ease and his unparalleled vanity. The Dauphin was contemptible, the Duke of Orleans odious. In St. Simon's great portrait gallery of the royal house figure succeeds figure, and all are empty, monstrous, incapable, or chaotic. The one exception at last is Burgundy; yet what a fearful picture is that of his adolescence—passions raging, faculties adrift, and, as scientific men speak now, *la folie des grandeurs!* It will not bear quoting in English. But if ever the wild beast which Plato detects in every man was visible to human eye, assuredly he rushed upon the world in this full-faced, ill-tempered, ungainly lad, who broke and tore everything that was not to his liking, and who appalled the courtiers by the passions and the vices of which he made open display. Such was the pupil given to the most refined genius of the age, that he might subdue and civilize him—a keen intellect, an amazing memory, a biting and unbridled wit, but all attendant on impulses sudden and incalculable as the wind. Yet of this incipient Cæsar Borgia Fénelon made, if not a hero, something which resembled a saint. Among all the descendants of Louis XIV he is the only one whom historians agree in praising; and his own generation wept at his death as for a lost Marcellus.

So remarkable a victory is the more

surprising that Fénelon did not continue with the prince above seven years, and that Burgundy accomplished this reform of himself after his Mentor had left him. In 1695, at a crisis in his own fortunes, the tutor was made Archbishop and Duke of Cambrai; and in 1697 his office, which had become nominal, was suppressed. But while he could study the Court at Versailles and Marly, he wrote his "Fables," his "Dialogues," his "Adventures of Telemachus," and his unsigned "Letter to the King." Every line of these graceful or ingenious productions carries with it as we read an undertone of satire, prophetic in its severity, on the private life and public policy of Louis XIV. "How reckless and ungrateful!" it has been said. The author himself said it in terror, when his manuscripts first saw the light. "How impossible that Fénelon should thus have blackened the character of Burgundy's grandfather, his own sovereign!" Yet nothing can be more certain than that he set before his pupil the "Examination of a Royal Conscience," in which Louis appears as on a dissecting-table, every sin, every vice laid bare. We must go back to that Greek proverb of the wolf held by the ears. Thus it was that Fénelon conceived of his position. He saw much that St. Simon has drawn in everlasting crimson; he believed more; at the last, when Burgundy, his duchess and his little son were all swept away in a week, he could give credit to the rumor, persistent then, disdained now, that their cousin Orleans had poisoned them. He was a prophet in Gomorrah; and the time during which he could prophesy was short. No breath has ever tarnished the pure fame of this aspiring but blameless priest. He had a feeling heart, an inborn pride by no means of the baser sort, and powers of observation which St. Simon could scarcely have excelled. Urged by motives so

powerful and so incessant, he drew the portrait of Idomeneus the tyrant-king; he taught the son of Jove humility and good sense; he poured out to the counsellors of Louis, in language as sharp as he could make it, the accusations which time has sealed and revolution has avenged. We are not aware of any man alive at that day who saw with his clear vision or felt with his righteous anger. "Already, through Fénelon's Letter," says Lord St. Cyres, concluding some admirable reflections, "rings the *Dies Iræ* of the old régime, already the *débâcle* was begun."

But his own ruin was at hand. Under the wintry sunshine of that "old fairy" —another of St. Simon's epithets for Madame de Maintenon—the tutor might have flourished, while nursing secret thoughts of scorn and ambition, had he not come across a "wandering sorrow in a world of dreams," the mystic, hysterical, piquant and provoking Jeanne Marie de la Motte Guyon. This lady was to prove the fatal Héloïse of a new Abelard, said Père de la Rue, S.J., from the pulpit, when the storm of Quietism was at its height. There is something odd in the name, still more in the thing, which has made her famous. Can we at this day understand either?

When we look on the mischievous, demure features of Madame Guyon as she glances slyly out of her portraits, we exclaim with Faustus, but in a contrary sense, "Was this the face that launched a thousand ships" against the dogmatic Troy of Bossuet and his peers? that kindled a six years' war of pamphlets, intrigues, condemnations? that set Paris and Rome astir with faction, and brought Fénelon in episcopal robes to his knees at Cambrai? Do such great commotions spring from persons so insignificant? "They met," says St. Simon, speaking of this strangely assorted pair, "and their sublime amalgamated." Too sadly true;

but in what did their sublime consist?

Remark, to begin with, that Fénelon is worshipped as a saint by many outside his own communion, and that Madame Guyon has been the oracle of Quakers and mystics in every northern land. Bossuet is Roman or Gallican, strictly orthodox, no favorite with the Reformed. Whence so striking a difference? Was it not that the men of 1700 were fatigued with the battles of expert school-theologians which had lasted nearly two hundred years—that they sighed for religion without wrangling, and were in love with silence after the whirlwinds of intemperate speech? From the head they turned to the heart, from science to poetry, from technique to metaphor, from creeds, councils, confessions and anathemas to the peace which passeth understanding. This might happen to them in ways innumerable, with revolt against dogma or acquiescence in it; but we cannot overlook the wide movement which, in the second half of the sixteenth century, from Spain to Silesia, brings forth spiritual and ecstatic writers, which creates a new monasticism in Catholic countries, and which is ever calling out sects of the enlightened among Protestants. St. Theresa, St. John of the Cross, St. Francis de Sales, Angelus Silesius, and a thousand less celebrated, are its heralds in the Latin Church. Jacob Behmen, George Fox, John Bunyan, are the free mystics, endowed with tongues of fire, who have left the world allegories, figures, parables, which will long continue to be regarded with awe and admiration. In 1677, two years after Molinos published his unhappy volume, Spinoza died, almost in his prime, but not until he had bequeathed to after ages an "Ethic" which may be called the mathematics of Divine Love. In this atmosphere Fénelon and Madame Guyon, between

whom there was only three years' difference, had been brought up. Orthodox and heterodox alike were breathing it. The fierce contentions of Lutheran, Tridentine, Calvinist, Jansenist, Jesuit, were all now either at an end or taking on themselves an ethical, a spiritual color. Modern science had found its formula in Descartes, and was winning its greatest triumph with Newton. More and more it appealed to the knowable; and by sure reaction the spirit fled in hope or fear towards the unknowable, which that science could never deny and never attain.

But the mystic who cries with Augustine, "Internum, Æternum," is, of necessity, an adept in self-analysis; there he finds light, and there, too, a darkness which may be felt. He is alone; he seeks a guide. The Roman Church, patient of enthusiasm, yet hardly trusting it, gives him one in the director, that strange and shadowy figure, the type of which we first perhaps discern in Socrates, guide of perplexed young men at Athens. Among the errors which have beset some very famous dealings with Molinos and Quietism, not excluding that beautiful story, "John Inglesant," is the notion that it was an attempt to abolish the director. Entirely otherwise; it aimed at establishing him. The "spiritual guide" of Molinos is himself, recommended as indispensable to pilgrims on the "steep and flaming paths" that lead heavenward. Never has there been such an age of direction. St. Cyran directed Port Royal; Nicole directed the Jansenists during a whole generation; Bossuet directed simple Madame Cornuau in letters which still survive; Fénelon directed Madame de Maintenon; and Lacombe directed Madame Guyon.

It was when the latter had been separated from her spiritual guide, then a prisoner in the Bastille, and towards

the end of 1688, on her own release from the convent of the Visitation, that Fénelon met her for the first time. He felt some repulsion to a character so eccentric, and a history which did not sound edifying. She, on the contrary, felt drawn to the prince of directors at once. In the delicately mocking language of Michelet, "she laid her hand upon him, seized him and carried him off without an effort." He did not read her books, which were already censured and on the Roman Index; neither was he made acquainted with those ugly personal experiences, the "plénitudes" and faintings, of which Madame Guyon chattered afterwards to Bossuet, filling that incarnation of good sense with equal contempt and horror. That the woman's theology was inaccurate, her tone extravagant, Fénelon could not but perceive. Yet there had been ignorant saints; and what connection was there between good taste and an enlightened conscience? St. Theresa wrote a faulty grammar; she had published, said Fénelon, details which he would never have given to the world. In Madame Guyon he discovered a "beautiful soul." And there can be no doubt that the style of his correspondence, be it with Madame de Maintenon, or with Mademoiselle de la Maisonfort at St. Cyr, betrays from this time onward a new influence; it strikes a recurrent note of "passive states" and "spiritual death," of "pure love" and "holy indifference," which warns us that he is travelling towards the abyss and will lose his footing in its depths.

What was the situation? In a Court seething with plots and counter-plots, where a fresh reign would bring complete revolution, Fénelon holds the Duke of Burgundy, and is teaching him the politics of "Télémaque." He has sworn friends among the devout, is a saint in the eyes of the uncrowned Queen, but not a favorite with Louis,

and is jealously watched by candidates for promotion on all sides. At this moment enters a strolling lady of quality, with her mad director and her ambiguous past at Geneva, Vercell, Dijon and elsewhere. She brings with her associations in doctrine of an unwholesome, antinomian sort. Her little books, scattered broadcast, read like distillations of Molinos, just condemned at Rome after scandalous disclosures, and imprisoned for life at St. Angelo. But she has high connections. Through the Duchess of Béthune she is introduced to the choice friends of Madame de Maintenon; and Fénelon, despite his caution, against his better judgment, tolerates, approves, is taken. Not by a vulgar sentiment, but partly in obedience to his own spirit of mystic adventure, partly, if we believe his enemies, by the desire of pleasing which was in him both an attraction and a weakness. Once resolved, he is unchangeable. Though aware that he should speak wisdom only among the perfect, he writes to St. Cyr letters which rend the house into factions, which lead Madame de Maintenon to consult Desmarais, Bishop of Chartres, which perplex his relations with Bossuet, and which are manifestly indebted to the new doctrine. He must gain over the "Pope of the Gallican Church," or suffer defeat in all his projects. To Bossuet, therefore, he sends Madame Guyon with her books; and the conferences at Issy are the result.

On this intricate diplomacy the volume by Miss Sanders cannot be said to throw any light. It represents Madame Guyon as a faithful witness to the language and character of Bossuet, which is certainly not the case; it exhibits Fénelon as her chivalrous defender, though we have it under his own hand that he was willing to "let her die in prison;" it describes him as one of the conference at Issy, though he never sat in it. Again, it confounds

his views with Seneca's Stoic Pantheism; it talks of him as "rising above forms and symbols," as though he rejected the dogmas which insist on them; it declares that Madame Guyon, "in full view of his contemporaries, set Bossuet at defiance;" whereas their conversations took place in private, and she put herself into the Bishop's hands. Of that eminent man himself nothing is too severe to be alleged, with proof or without. His "virulent opposition to Quietism," his "weakness," "pride," "bitterness" and "rivalry," and the "scandalous episode" of his "Relation," in which he alluded to the "Montanus" of this new "Priscilla" have "sullied him forever." We turn from these clouds of arrows that darken the air to Lord St. Cyres, who grasps the distinctions no less than the affinities of mystic writers, and who holds the scales even in a dispute which, if it degenerated into personalities, and perhaps falsehoods, was yet concerned with momentous issues.

There seems little reason to doubt the explanation of his conduct given by the Bishop of Meaux. From Dijon he had been put on his guard against the erratic "Priscilla." He could never have looked on quietly while a system which neglected the Sacraments, which stultified the Lord's Prayer, and which appeared to make light of the Commandments, was creeping into convents, charming fashionable society and poisoning direction. As he believed, religion was in danger; and Fénelon was taking the wrong side. But Madame de Maintenon wished that her favorite guide should attain high preferment; Bossuet desired it no less; and the meetings at Issy, which Louis XIV imagined to be dealing only with the vagaries of an hysterical woman, had in view the saving of Fénelon. The commissioners were all his friends. They read the endless memoranda which he inflicted on them: they drew up arti-

cles—thirty or thirty-four—after six months' deliberation, which they invited him to sign; and the "amiable incoherence," as Lord St. Cyres justly calls it, of their wording implies that the Bench was more anxious to absolve than to condemn. They had but to speak severely, and Fénelon's prospects would have been blasted forever. At Christmas, 1694, while the enquiry was pending, Louis made the preceptor Abbot of St. Valéry. In February, 1695, he was appointed to Cambrai, the richest bishopric in France. The thirty-four articles were finished during March, and in July Fénelon was consecrated at St. Cyr by Bossuet, after subscribing to the agreement of Issy. He need have troubled himself no more about Madame Guyon and her Quietism, had that alone been at stake.

His evil genius decided otherwise. Bossuet followed up what he felt to be a barren victory, by the composition of a small volume on prayer—that is to say, on the Inward Light and the life of the spirit—which he invited his brother prelate to approve or correct. Though himself not averse to mystical quotations from the Canticles, he was little read in the latest or deepest of spiritual treatises; nor did he always grasp their meaning. In July, 1696, Fénelon received the manuscript at Cambrai. He perceived that it did not mention Madame Guyon by name, and that it refuted and rejected her principles as expressed in the books she had written. On this pretext—for it was never anything more—he declined a share in Bossuet's attempt to deal with a growing mischief. The work was not yet published. Fénelon, who wrote with unexampled ease, sat down to his desk; put together and sent off to Paris the "Maxims of the Saints;" got from his old master, Tronson, and from Noailles, the Archbishop, approbations which they afterwards withdrew; and left the printing to the dis-

cretion of the Duc de Chevreuse. Either the Duke had no discretion, or he could take a hint. He hurried the printers on, put the sheets into order immediately, and brought out the "Maxims" while Bossuet was lingering. On February 1, 1697, Beauvilliers presented King Louis with a special copy.

The "Maxims of the Saints" was Fénelon's "Tract Ninety." Like that most talked-about of all Newman's essays, it does not aim at literary grace or distinction of style. It is a searching but unadorned effort to disengage the Church's doctrine from excess and defect, arraying column against column of adverse citations, weighing words, and steering between the Scylla and Charybdis of equally dangerous errors. Again, like "Tract Ninety," it pleads for a *via media* which shall neither fall into the pit with Molinos, nor crawl round the Slough of Despond with Bossuet, but move securely forward to the Celestial City. The author had it in him to draw out a Pilgrim's Progress in enticing colors. He chose to be scholastic and, as some thought, Pharisaic in tone; obscure, dry and tedious in matter. From its birth the book was doomed; and with it fell the Archbishop.

His friends at Court forsook him, all except the "good Dukes" and their wives, who were loyal to the man, though neither understanding nor favoring his opinions. As soon as Bossuet declared war, Madame de Maintenon gave up her "Saint," as she had already renounced Madame Guyon. Was self-interest or a clear conscience her motive? Who shall decide? But she never meant to foster unsound doctrine; and not only the Bishop of Meaux, but Noailles, and Desmarais, and Bourdaloue, condemned the "Maxims." Fénelon refused to confer with Bossuet, nor would he submit to be judged by his inferior in the hierarchy.

With the King's leave, in April, 1697, he appealed to Rome. His adversary—it had now come to that—on July 15, sent him an ultimatum; it meant unqualified submission. Fénelon would not hear of it; he would plead with the Holy See in person. It was his right; but the Gallican liberties forbade bishops to appear in Rome without permission from the Crown. Louis banished him to his diocese on August 1, and wrote to Innocent XII, asking that the book should be instantly condemned. From that day till his death in 1715 the second greatest of French prelates lived in exile. His political career was at an end. He never set foot in the Court again; and neither Louis nor Madame de Maintenon ever forgave him.

A war of pamphlets broke out, which continued for eighteen months. The unlucky Guyon was swept into the Bastille, and endured solitary confinement during five unspeakable years. None of the literature which then stirred Paris almost as deeply as the "Lettres Provinciales" had stirred it forty years earlier, is now readable; yet never was Fénelon more eloquent or pathetic; never did Bossuet pursue with more vigor the windings of dissimulation to their last retreat. His "Relation on the Affair of Quietism" being history, not argument, is the one page that has not gone to oblivion. In France, by a singular turn, it was the tragic of Fénelon's demeanor, the solemnity of a dispute where, as Bossuet said, "all religion was at stake," that occupied the public mind. Madame de Sévigné no longer held the witty pen which would have drawn smiles in a subject well suited for epigram. But in Rome the prelates laughed, exchanged witticisms, took compliments, if not more tangible gifts, made merry over the Abbé Bossuet, condoled with the Abbé de Chanterac, and shrugged their shoulders at the *furia francese*.

which poured out on them a paper deluge. They were in no hurry to close the discussion. It bore an amazing variety of aspects. Flattered by Fénelon's appeal, which overthrew the famous Four Articles of Gallicanism, dreading Bossuet as much as they disliked him, afraid of Louis, unwilling to offend Spain, and with a conclave in prospect, the Cardinals argued but did not conclude. In an extraordinary letter the Bishop of Meaux threatened the Pope by the hand of Louis; but still the Congregation hesitated.

However, in April, 1698, Madame de Maintenon gave her niece in marriage to the nephew of Cardinal de Noailles. Fénelon's friends were dismissed from Court. The true story of Madame Guyon, told by Bossuet at the cost of some private disclosures, had brought opinion round to the old lion of orthodoxy. Innocent XII, who, like all Neapolitans, loved a joke, might exclaim on receiving the report of assessors equally divided, "Cinque, cinque! Che far me?" but long-sighted observers knew that a condemnation was approaching. In March, 1699, it appeared. The Pope had softened the blow in all ways possible. There was no word of heresy. The solemn form of a dogmatic Bull was avoided. Twenty-three propositions were censured, but no retraction was asked; and the world agreed with Innocent's less formal judgment: "The Archbishop of Cambrai has erred by excess of charity, and the Bishop of Meaux by the want of it."

But again in France the more imposing spectacle was seen—Fénelon in his cathedral, on Lady Day, as soon as the Brief was known to him, publishing his defeat, proscribing his book, turning his shame into victory. There is no such moment, picturesque as a mosaic, in the life of his conqueror. It is a scene unrivalled. Was it only well acted? It was that, and much

more. The man felt humbled; the Christian obeyed. Yet, as if pursued through life by some malign agency, hardly had Fénelon vanquished his enemies on his knees, than *Télémaque* was surreptitiously published, and all his former offences revived by what courtiers termed a libel on the King. Though seized and the type broken up in Paris (April, 1699), some copies of the imperfect edition escaped. In June it was reprinted at the Hague. Within two years it had passed through a dozen editions; it was read, translated, commented upon all over Europe. The enemies of Louis XIV welcomed it as a denunciation of the tyrant; and Fénelon's critics at Versailles, including Madame de Maintenon, called it his revenge for the penance he had undergone.

Nothing was now left him but to administer his diocese like the angel of mediæval legend; to write his spiritual directions, austere and tender as the sermons of Newman, which in thought they often resemble; to combat the Jansenists in their beliefs or subterfuges, while sparing their persons; to bring up his young kinsfolk with exquisite sweetness and mild sagacity; and to exercise a real though hidden influence on his royal pupil, by means of Beauvilliers and Chevreuse. He never spent an hour in Paris again, not even when his niece lay there dying. "Yet," says Cardinal de Bausset, "from his solitude in Cambrai he wielded at Rome and throughout Europe a moral power which was entirely due to his virtue and renown." He was acting, indeed, on a high stage. The War of the Spanish Succession raged in Flanders; and this patriotic Archbishop, who lavished his stores upon the French, opened likewise house and hospital to the wounded of all nations that crowded into the city. Thus, exclaims St. Simon, he was simply adored. His manner of giving was

perfect. Long afterwards Marshal Münnich recalled in St. Petersburg the pleasant days he had spent as a prisoner with Fénelon. But hundreds could tell the same tale. He exhausted his great revenue in good works; he died without debts and left no inheritance. It is this urbane, magnificent and generous Fénelon who has taken all hearts, and the picture of whose daily life, drawn by a Boswell like the ill-conditioned Le Dieu, is no less natural than it is affecting. The finesse and the florid of earlier days have been pruned by severe trials; and a Christian prelate is shown us in whom we recognize a purity and detachment not unworthy of St. Francis de Sales.

One crowning disappointment lay in wait for him. Burgundy had clung to his master with a boy's ardent devotion; they corresponded like lovers by stealth, and when at last they met it was with rapture, though in public and under jealous eyes. The youth had overcome his worst faults, but he could never walk alone; during the campaigns in which he was pitted against Eugene and Marlborough as nominal captain, he lost heart as well as fame. His Mentor sermonized the unhappy lad with a pitiless calm which hurts us while we read; but they knew one another as we do not know them, and Burgundy took no offence; he was only, as always, despondent. Then his father, *le grand Dauphin*, who had never been more than an heraldic figure, died. Fénelon's pupil might be King. The Archbishop piled Memoir upon Memoir, drew out his map of Salentum, sketched a new and a better France. Those ten months, from April, 1711 to February, 1712, were the happiest he had ever spent at Cambrai among his Belgians, "last of human-kind." A court seemed to be forming round the future Richelieu. He dreamt of States-General, a restored *noblesse*, decentralized government, peace and good laws,

instead of arbitrary rule. His name was heard at Marly. But one of the deadly plagues that so often swept over Europe in former times, broke out in Paris, entered the royal chambers and struck down the prince, his wife, his eldest son. Fénelon cried out in anguish; his unruffled temper forsook him; all was over.

He could not live now to any purpose. The "good Dukes" soon bade him an everlasting farewell. His intimate, Langeron, went the same dark way, after a friendship which had lasted thirty-four years, and had been his "life's happiness." He was but a walking shadow. An accident when out driving gave him a shock from which he did not recover; and with Augustan grace, conscious to the last, as in some impressive ritual, he lay down to die. His last letter, dictated within a few hours of his passing, and intended for Louis XIV, is lofty, unselfish, haughtily serene. It made a profound impression, though least perhaps on the royal heart. The world of Versailles did not know what it had lost when Fénelon expired, January 7, 1715.

His century, the eighteenth, idolized him. We, more fortunate, may see the man as he was, an exquisite blending of new and old; a visionary with open eyes; singularly prescient of things far away; in politics, religion, letters, an innovator whose thoughts are slowly mounting to fulfilment, while that in him which was mortal is given to the fire. On a brilliant and memorable page, Lord St. Cyres holds up to us the contrast between Bossuet, "orator of the Last Judgment," and this spiritual Correggio, painting his seraphs in the clouds. But Fénelon was something more. To the tragic incidents of a life rich in sorrows, so unlike the summer days which passed over his rival at Meaux, there corresponded a depth within, a passionate yearning after the experience in which Revelation be-

comes, not a hearsay, but an acted and felt reality. "Alone with the Alone" is a word that he would have cherished. As Newman afterwards, so Fénelon "rested in the thought of two only absolute and luminously self-evident beings"—himself and his Creator. He stood aloof from the many; to none did he give his whole heart or confidence; of him it is ever true to say, "his soul was like a star and dwelt apart."

While Bossuet remains the "prophet of the commonplace," sublime but not unique, Fénelon, with his slighter achievements and his broken story, is an endless fascination. We read the imperfect writing as they could not who died two hundred years ago. In Bossuet what *Prometheus Unbound* can we discover? None, it would appear. But in Fénelon the lineaments of a thousand moderns come and go. He is Greek, not because he imitated the *Odyssey* from afar off, but because he could never believe in the false classic of Racine. He is Rousseau and Wordsworth, and like those children of nature, is at home in landscape when it has been touched with emotion. He is, too often perhaps, a sentimentalist and a revolutionary. We think of Chateaubriand, the sincere actor, and forgive his audacious herald. The eccentricities of Quietism repel and astonish us; but who can measure the need of a return to the "Great Silence," or the

benefit of insisting on the limits and shadows of human speech when controversy had "flung its fury into theses," when to be clear, however shallow, was to be convincing, and when Pascal had written in vain that "Nature confounds the sceptic, and Reason the dogmatist?" Fénelon, though apparently beaten, held to his dying breath that love of the Highest cannot be mere pleasure; nor could Bossuet persuade his Church into defining happiness as "our being's aim and end." With mistakes in abundance, with an underplot of motives more human than edifying, and in spite of the tragical farce in which Madame Guyon plays columbine, the aspirations of the soul dreaming on things to come have been vindicated. If ever dogma and science are to exchange the kiss of peace; if inward and outward are to make one perfect life; and if the inadequacy of speech, the symbolic nature of human thought, the presence and potency of an Infinite which we feel but cannot define, should be recognized as antecedents of all fruitful argument, posterity will bear in mind that Fénelon pointed the way to this reconciliation, as Newman, by a like instinct, but with genius more splendid and piercing, carried it a further stage when he combined the evolution of doctrine with the Divine Light of conscience.

THE WINDS OF CATHRIGG.

CHAPTER I.

THAT DAY.

The mists of a September morning were rolling away from the dark rocks of Scunner Head and Cathrigg Fell, as the sun rose above Hart Fell, and shone down on the green fields of Marsdale, till the tiny sheet of Marswater sparkled and rippled in the morning light.

White woolly clouds floated over the sides of the rough mountainous heights that bounded the valley to the southwest; but northward, where the hills were low and green, the sky above them was clear and still.

Above the little lake the valley narrowed into a gorge, and a rushing, foaming stream ran under ragged woods and among gray moss-grown rocks, till it was joined by another still more unquiet torrent, issuing from a yet narrower opening in the hills. Together they fed the little lake, which gave to lonely Marsdale something of the charm of sister valleys in the northwest.

A young girl, with the firm, yet careful tread of one born and bred in a hill country, was walking rapidly along the sheep-track that led over the western slope of Scunner Head. She had crossed the narrow valley from Cathrigg Hall as soon as it was light enough to find her way over stiles and stepping-stones, and had come over the stony hill-path while the mists barely let her see where to set her foot. She had now come out into full sunlight, high up on the fine green turf, and amid the yellow-tinted bracken of Hart Fell.

The wind blowing in her face was cold and sweet, the sun shone, the rocks glittered, and the waters danced.

The freshness and newness of morning was in the air. The larks sang as the world awoke to a new day, but the young walker neither paused nor smiled, but kept steadily and gravely on her way.

She moved with a vigorous tread, and had a fine upright carriage. She wore thick-nailed shoes, a short blue skirt, a serge jacket and a dark Tam-o'-Shanter hat fastened firmly on her brown curly hair. Under it she showed a clear brown skin, a straight and delicate nose, blue eyes with thick black lashes, and a well-shaped, firm-shut mouth. Her look was as set as her face was steady—neither varied till she came round the shoulder of the hill, on to a comparatively level space, from which a rough road led down to the valley.

A whitewashed house, with a gray roof, lay under the shelter of the hill-side, down which a stream trickled into a stone basin. There was a garden at the side of the house enclosed by a low stone wall; but the front was unenclosed, the close, fine mountain turf came right up to its walls, and only a narrow gray path led from the front door to the cart-track. The freshest airs blew round the dwelling, which, though quite solitary, was in no way gloomy. The sun shone full upon it, and it was open to a wide expanse of sky.

There were sounds of moving life about it, cocks crowed, hens cackled, ducks quacked, and at the first footfall on the path a chorus of barking rose on all sides as an immense bloodhound came from the back with his deep full-throated bay, and a tribe of short-legged, rough-haired terriers flew out at the open door. They were all, as

far as age permitted, exactly alike, and recalled the "old Pepper and old Mustard, Young Pepper and Young Mustard, little Pepper and little Mustard" of Charlie's Hope.

An elderly woman in a white apron and crossover, with a brown hat over her gray hair, came out behind the pack.

"Miss Viola?" she exclaimed. "Well, you're an early visitor, indeed!"

"O Biddums," exclaimed the visitor, her face falling, "I see he isn't here. You haven't seen Crad?"

"Mr. Caradoc? No, miss, no! But come in, my dear, and sit-ee down. Why, you'm tired."

Viola went into the stone-floored "house-place," half hall, half kitchen, with a clumsy old oak table in the middle, oak chests along the walls, and old pewter cups and flagons ranged on an oak dresser. There was also a rack full of walking sticks, another with guns, and a few pots and pans too appropriate to their surroundings to have belonged to them by rights.

Viola sat down in a big wooden chair by the open hearth, on which some peat was burning. She heaved a great sigh, emptied her cup, and pushed the thick crisp hair back from her brows.

"There, miss," said Biddums, returning through an inner door. "There's a glass of milk for 'ee and a Cornish bun. You'll want your breakfast. You likes the saffern?"

Viola was young and hungry, and had walked four hard miles in the chilly dawn, so she took a draught of the milk and a bite of the bun before she spoke. Heavy as the trouble at her heart might be, if there was no news to learn she was in no hurry to speak.

"Uncle Quince not down yet?" she said presently.

"No, miss; why, it ain't gone seven. Why, you haven't come so early for nothing?"

The dark eyes of the little keen-faced Cornish woman looked curious and troubled, and in a minute or so Viola spoke, in full outspoken tones which had much force in them.

"Have you heard anything about Agnes Fletcher, Biddums?" she said.

"Why, she's to her aunt's most likely."

"She was. But Joe Wilson—that's her own lover, you know—went out there yesterday and married her."

"But that's good hearing, miss," said Biddums in a tone of surprised relief.

"Well, I suppose you'd say so. But they came home to Swarth Ghyll, where they'd got a wedding supper. And Crad had been fishing and he met them—and—I don't know which began, but there was a row and they fought. Of course Crad got in a passion, but I daresay Joe Wilson was rude to him. However, Caradoc knocked him down, and got knocked about himself, and Wilson's new coat was torn and his shoulder put out."

"Dear, dear! At his wedding!" ejaculated Biddums.

"Well," said Viola, as if making a reluctant admission required by candor, "of course, Caradoc ought not to have fought with a shepherd; but it was all Agnes Fletcher's fault; she made out that she liked Caradoc, and he wanted to marry her."

"Miss Viola, my dear, don't you say no more about Agnes Fletcher—she's married, and a good job, too. But where's Mr. Caradoc to, that you've come here to look for him?"

"Oh, but you haven't heard nearly the worst of the story," said Viola. "Yesterday, after tea, I was in the library, back in the square window. Father knew I was there, but I suppose he forgot. Old Fletcher was shown in, and he began and told father all about it. That's how I know. I daren't come out, and it didn't matter. He said his son-in-law might sue for

damages, but that that wouldn't make amends, and they put their heads together and talked low. I didn't hear them, but I saw by father's back that he was getting angrier and angrier and angrier; but he kept quite polite, and at last Fletcher went away, and before I could creep out Caradoc came in—he didn't know any one was there. Then, oh, there was such a row, the worst that ever was; it was dreadful! Father went and threatened Crad, and said things, and, I'm going to tell you, Biddums, they were close together, and Crad hit out and struck father, and they struggled—oh dear, and I screamed and came right out and held on to Crad and pulled at him, and father swore at him and cast him off and told him to get out of the house, and Crad swore back, and he went, and I thought he'd come here for certain!"

The girl finished her tale in the same direct outspoken voice. Then she threw herself back in the chair. "There! I've told you; now go and tell Uncle Quince all about it."

The old woman's face was full of concern. She turned and went upstairs, and Viola kicked the peat into a blaze, warming herself over it. There was something in the matter-of-fact unemotional way in which she had told her story which added to its grimness. She leant back in the big chair, holding out one thick little boot for the youngest dogs to worry, while sounds of hurried movement went on overhead, and in a very few minutes a gray-haired, thin-faced man in a dark dressing-gown came down to her.

"Well, Vi," he said, "this seems a bad business."

"Yes," said Viola. "It is, and I thought Crad would surely come here to you."

"Had he any money?"

"Yes," said Viola. "Father wouldn't give him any money after he was sent down, so he sold Maida to the vet at

Northborough for twenty guineas—he took her himself. It was after the last row. She knew. She cried when they went."

Viola's voice faltered for the first time, but she went on. "So he's got twenty guineas; and he took a bag with some things. I'm sure I don't know what you can do, Uncle Quince, as he isn't here. But I suppose you'll be sorry. And if he does come, Biddums might get him to tell her where he's going to."

"Well, I'll get dressed," said Quentin Crosby. "Then you shall have some breakfast before you go home."

"Yes, I meant to go back to breakfast. But it doesn't signify, I don't mind being scolded, and whatever happens one must eat!"

She rose as her uncle left her, and with her hands in her jacket pockets sauntered into the next room, where a bright fire was burning. There were many books, a turning-lathe and materials for carving, a piano—pipes and tobacco, and all the litter of a cultivated man's own quarters.

Viola looked about her as she stood on the hearth-rug.

"It's the nicest place I know," she said to herself, "and I love Uncle Quince. But that Crad should begin, too!" and slow hot tears forced themselves into her young, resolute eyes. "I wish we were born good!"

The Crosbys of Cathrigg were not, as a rule, born as "good" even as the rest of fallen humanity. They were gentry of very old standing, living in the midst of the English highlands, probably but little superior originally to the smaller landowners near them in education and refinement, but still—different. They had never been rich, and were now very poor. Viola's grandfather had married a Cornish lady, who had brought with her from the south a young servant-girl, called Elizabeth Penaluna, now known as Biddums. Sir Quentin

—there was a baronetcy gained by a smart officer under Marlborough—and his Cornish wife died, leaving two sons, Caradoc, the present baronet and owner of Cathrigg Hall, and Quentin, now living with his mother's old servant at Greenhead Howe. Sir Caradoc married another Miss Tremaddock. Their elder son, Quentin, was with his regiment in India; the younger, Caradoc, had just disappeared from home. When Viola was born her mother died, and a few years later Sir Caradoc married Mrs. Mason, a widow with one son and a little money of her own. There were three children by this second marriage, two girls and a boy.

Breakfast was soon on the table, porridge and cream, a fine trout and abundance of hot cakes. Quentin Crosby presently reappeared in a shabby shooting-coat, and he and his niece ate their breakfast and talked—not of the trouble on their minds. They criticized the dogs, which were not ordinary Dandies but "Marsdale terriers," a special variety with distinctive characteristics. Viola had a keen eye for their merits or defects. She asked where her uncle had caught the trout, and whether he had noticed that in the plantation under Scunner Head there were some good hazel shoots suitable for walking-sticks.

"I think I'd better come up here and live with you and Biddums, Uncle Quince," she said. "I like dogs and carving—and fishing—all the things you like, except, perhaps, reading. I should be quite happy. We'd have music, too."

"You had better go and pay a long visit to the Tremaddocks in Cornwall, my dear; some of your aunts could bring you out."

"No," said Viola, "I shouldn't be happy. I can't think how the boys *can* go away. If I died I should like to come back and swing about in the wind round Cathrigg. I shouldn't like to

go to heaven away from Marsdale."

"You've had your troubles here, too," said her uncle.

"Oh yes," said Viola, "I've had my troubles in my skin, but I don't want to take off that. However, I must go home now. You know I shall stick to Crad, whatever happens. He loved Agnes Fletcher and she gave him up. Of course, he hated Joe Wilson; anybody would. Shall you come and talk to father, Uncle Quince?"

"I might give him an object lesson. I think I shall come. But go home now, there's a good girl. Stick by Caradoc if you will, but don't try to persuade yourself he is in the right. He isn't."

"I know that," said Viola. "That's why he'll want me. People who always do right can take care of themselves. Quentin can. If Crad was in the army, I daresay he'd knock down his colonel, or do something mad, and have to send in his papers."

"I daresay he would," said Quentin; "I should not be surprised at it."

"Still," said Viola, pausing at the door, "if I were Crad, I should go to the dépôt of Quentin's regiment at York and enlist in it. It would be the best thing he could do, and by-and-by he might get a commission. That's what I should do. And I shouldn't wonder if he'd done it. Well, I'll go home, up the valley."

She pinned on her hat, nodded to her uncle, kissed Biddums as she went out, and ran down the hill. At the foot of it she paused and looked back with the perplexity of a young mind when it is first set on thinking of familiar facts, and tries to account for what it has previously taken for granted.

Here was Uncle Quince, kind and clever and—yes, better—than most other people—she meant that he was made of finer stuff, but the expression did not occur to her—here was Uncle

Quince who had lived at Greenhead years and years before she was born. Why did he live there all alone with Biddums? Why had he no place in the world? She knew very well that he was poor. Why did he do nothing to make money except breed Marsdale terriers and sell them now and again? Why, though there was not exactly a breach, did he come so seldom to Cathrigg Hall? She knew very well that there was something. And she knew that the dalesmen, who were all so friendly with "Maister Quince," and never said a hard word of him, knew it too. She had never troubled about it before, because Uncle Quince was as natural to her as Marswater or Scunner Head. But when she thought of Caradoc, getting himself thrown out of the running, and being like this dear natural Uncle Quince, somehow her heart sank and her eyes filled with tears. That wouldn't do!

And "That won't do," said Quentin Crosby to himself as he laced up his walking-boots, and, followed by a selection of terriers, went over the fells to Swarth Ghyll to see for himself what had happened there.

The faithful old servant, who knew all the sins and sorrows of the family which she had loved for so long, but who never thought of passing judgment upon any of them, waited for his return, which was long delayed. She went about her business, ruling the girl who did the hard work for her with a heavy hand, carefully feeding the poultry, and making the lives of such dogs as remained at home pleasant to them. It had been a saying once at Cathrigg that the only creature that Biddums could ever be hard upon was an under-housemaid. No child, no animal, however naughty, was ever made to feel the consequence of its misdeeds by her.

Quentin Crosby came home at last, morose and silent. Caradoc, he said,

had been a fool, and had no one but himself to thank for his trouble. He had made his bed and must lie on it, and he would find it pretty hard.

Biddums asked no questions, she fed her master with the best, and added to the porridge prepared for the dogs a surreptitious dainty or two after their long walk. But she was not much surprised when, instead of settling down to his pipe and book after his dinner, Quentin went off again over the fells, this time without a dog for company.

"He've been to Cathrigg," she muttered to herself, "and seen his brother. He'll not be back till midnight!"

So she made up the fire and got out the biscuits and the whisky and seltzer-water all ready to hand, and put out the loaf and butter in case more food was wanted, and then, as the time wore on, went out to the outhouse to shut up the bloodhound Oscar, and to see that he had all he wanted for the night—a good bed and plenty of water. She shut the door upon him and turned away, looking up the valley. The mists had fallen again and the night was dark and thick.

Suddenly Oscar gave a short, deep bark, echoed more sharply and noisily by the terriers in the house.

A hand touched her shoulder and a voice said in her ear:

"Biddums! Good-bye, Biddums."

"Oh, Master Crad! You give me such a turn. Wherever be you to? I can't see 'ee."

"No, Biddums," said a full soft voice with a break in it. "No—I'm off. Good-bye—you won't forget me."

A pair of strong arms were flung round her and her withered old cheek was lovingly kissed.

"Mr. Crad, you wait and see your uncle. Oh, for shame, sir, to think of hiding of yourself! Come in, sir, and sit down and have a bit of supper."

"No, no, Biddums—no! You shall

hear some day. Good-bye! I can never look father in the face again. But remember this: Agnes Fletcher's broken my heart; but she is as good as Vi, and fit to be her sister. Remember that! Tell Uncle Quince. I can't do as he did, so good-bye—"

"But, Mr. Crad, my dear. Now don't you go and do nothing desp'rare, don't 'ee now! Tell Biddums—be you going to York—to Mr. Quentin's regiment? Write to he now, he'll see you righted."

"Righted? I'm not wronged. It's my own doing. God bless you!"

One more rough ardent hug, and the boy put her away from him with hands like steel, and rushed away down the hillside into the mist, where the old woman could not even try to follow him.

CHAPTER II.

THE DAY AFTER.

The night train from Scotland and the North came into Northborough Junction in the small hours of the morning, and almost as soon as it drew up to the platform a young man jumped into a third-class carriage and pushed a small bag which he carried under the seat.

"Foggy night, sir," said an elderly man, well wrapped up for the night journey.

The newcomer muttered rather a short answer as he pulled up his coat-collar, rammed his hat down over his eyes, and was throwing himself back in his corner as if to settle in for a sound sleep, when, perceiving that the only other occupant of the carriage, a girl in a neat travelling dress, was struggling with an awkward window, he started forward with a polite "Allow me" and adjusted it for her, then retired again into his corner and his nap.

The young lady, duly thanking him, glanced at his hat, his boots and his

bag, and made up her mind that he was probably a commercial traveller. She yawned a little and rubbed her eyes, then shut up the book she held with a little bang.

"I shall read every word of Wordsworth's poetry now that I have been at the Lakes, papa," she said, "but just now I am quite too sleepy."

"We shall be at Ashenhead in an hour," said her father. "I shan't be sorry to get into harness; but we have had a glorious fortnight to look back upon!"

"Yes! And to think that Wordsworth and Coleridge bought books at great-grandpapa's shop in Bristol, and had supper with him afterwards and talked! If your customers, papa, came into supper, I don't believe that we should get much philosophy or poetry out of them. Politics, perhaps, but, dear me, people's views are so local!"

There was a fine contempt in the maiden's soft and pretty voice.

"Those who live in a vale, Elsie," said her father, "must take the consequences of such a situation."

"We're among vales and hills still, I believe, if we could see them," said Elsie, rubbing a clear place on the glass.

"Yes, the Lake District is the fine flower of these English highlands, but they all have most of the same kind of beauty. Very grand scenery there is in this district, and it is less given over to tourists than the Lakes. There's a little valley called Marsdale, a very lovable place."

The sleepy young man threw himself round as if his corner was uncomfortable.

"When did you see Marsdale, papa?" asked Elsie.

"There were some old books to be sold there at Cathrigg Hall, original Caxtons, very rare and genuine. A wild place, but it took my fancy."

The listener in the corner heard, and

his sleepiness, if it had been genuine, went from him at once, the lamp-lit third-class carriage printed itself on his brain. He never forgot the look of it, the advertising photographs of Windermere, Morecambe Bay, Derwent Water along the side of it. He was here, and Marsdale— Then, other images came before him. Agnes! The dark upright girl, with her delicate Madonna face and shy, silent beauty. "There is a type among us that is like the Italian," he had once told a friend, but no Italian fervors went with it. Agnes was reserved, silent, northern out and out.

He had known her, of course, in a way since they were children; he knew everybody round Cathrigg. She had said "Good-day to ye, Mr. Cradoc," and "I hope you're vara well, sir," and offered him her hand when he came in in the course of a mountain scramble for a piece of oat-cake and a drink of milk, ever since she grew too old to peep at him behind the currant bushes in the garden till she came out to play in the beck with Quentin and Viola and himself.

She had hardly ever said anything more to him, though sometimes she had listened to him and walked by his side, after—he knew not how—he had seen her beauty for the first time with seeing eyes, and angry with life and himself, sore at his exile from Oxford, ashamed of the mad follies that had caused it, and wincing at the debts he had tied round his neck, he had thought he would marry her and live in Marsdale or Swarthdale on a little farm "like Uncle Quince," with only Agnes by his side.

She had listened and lingered, and turned her face away, and said, "I'll no' hear such foolish talk, Mr. Cradoc," till that last time, when he had begged and pleaded, and she had cried a little and blushed much, and he knew had wavered—had wondered—had turned

over in her mind whether she would or would not. And then, true love, or common sense, or want of power of response to the gentler wooing, had triumphed; she had fled away to Ashby and had come back Joe Wilson's wife.

And then Caradoc Crosby, seized with jealous fury, had attacked Joe Wilson, the shepherd, and fought him on his wedding-day, spoiled his wedding-coat and destroyed his bride's good name. That was the mischief he had done in that lapse of self-control. And he could never undo that last part of it. There would always now be people who would think ill of Agnes. It did not much matter what they thought about him. And then, an hour later, after certain words, he had struck his father and knocked him down. Caradoc never remembered very well what he said or did when he was in a passion. He remembered the agony of the passion but not its forms of expression. But he could not forget that blow.

His father was in a rage, too. He had used a word about Agnes, and Caradoc had retorted with a reference to another woman, elderly now, and to events not forgotten in the dales, but most unbecoming to his lips. Then came the blows. There was nothing for it but to go. He had burnt his boats behind him. He was going—not to York—but to Derby, to enlist under a false name, Charles Cross. Nobody was likely to hunt him up, and it was the next best thing to killing himself. He looked back at it as he might have done on life after having committed suicide.

His plans had not been settled all in a minute, for after that storm of passion there was no strength left in him. He had rushed out onto the lonely hills and walked till he could not stand, and then in the outlying barn of a far-away farm he had slept for hours without a dream. Then he woke, gentle and

ashamed, and found it hard to think that *this* time his words and deeds were irrevocable, and that their consequences could never be undone. Why had he said and done them? He got some breakfast at the farm on the plea of having lost his way on Cathrigg Fell in the mist; of course everybody round about knew him well. He got some provisions, too, of the good woman; he was quite rational now, but tired and dull. Then he went out again over the lonely moor up to the wild black crags where Scunner Head and Cathrigg Fell joined, and sent out the long spur called Three Cross Rigg.

Underneath these great piles of limestone were caves in which the Keld and the Kettle had their birth; the roaring of their waters could be heard when you lay flat on the short fine turf and listened. There was the black tarn, too—the source of Swarth Ghyll—in the clear cold waters of which the hardiest could hardly bathe, and in which there were, perhaps, big fish. He listened to the great speech of all these great things. There is neither ghost nor fairy in that lonely land. No tale or legend speaks for hill and dale, but Caradoc knew the language of his fatherland, and he lay and listened in a reactionary peace. Then he settled what to do. He could go across country to Stoneham, a little station beyond Ashby, and from there to Northborough Junction. By the early morning train he could go on to Derby. Nobody wanted to find him, so he was quite safe. If they did they could not stop him. He let his mind dwell on all his good reasons for anger and revenge. He felt the desolateness of the world without the dreamy imaginative passions which had transfigured it. He looked at the cold black tarn, but he was far too imaginative a person to plunge into its depths. He was afraid of the under-world, and nothing but exaspera-

tion, sudden and irresistible, could have induced him to dare its terrors.

He went on his way, when the time seemed good to him, quite calmly and without keen regrets. He had no feelings just now; in fact, he was so entirely without them that he could think about everybody without a pang. And so, as he thought, one familiar figure—one homely image came into his mind, and suddenly he *felt*. His eyes filled with tears, an impulse stirred once more. He must say "good-bye" to Biddums, but it should be "good-bye."

That over, with all the pain of the future already tugging at his heart, he went on his way, and now the deed was done. He was Charles Cross, in the third-class carriage, going to enlist at Derby. Nothing now could hinder him.

A sudden jolt, a great crash, a woman's scream, a moment indescribable and unspeakable, utter darkness, a fall—and he cried out loudly, "There's an accident!" as he and his fellow-travellers were flung, where and how he knew not, in a heap together, against nothing—against each other—against broken glass and wooden framework—down, down till, with another violent jerk and fall, they were still, and Caradoc knew he was alive.

"Papa, papa, papa!" cried the girl's voice through the darkness, but there was no answer.

Caradoc found that he could turn his head. There was a gray square beyond him and the window. It was the coming of the merciful dawn.

"There's been an accident," he said again, needlessly; "keep still, keep still."

He put out his hand and felt the cushioned side of the carriage against his shoulder, then the seat somewhere. He could move, he had all his limbs, he shifted himself somehow till he could use both hands. Then he felt for the girl, and lifted her, dragged

her up beside him. She gasped and shook, and as the light brightened a little, he could see that the carriage was lying aslant, one window downwards, the other up in the air—but it remained whole, a compartment with all its contents flung down upon the window near which Elsie's father had been sitting. There was a groan and a struggle, and Elsie, who had been passive for a moment, cried out again, "Papa—oh—papa—where are you?"

Caradoc dragged off bags and bundles, and perceived that the man was still in the corner, and contrived to reach and lift him, finding him certainly alive, though how much hurt he could not tell. Then he crawled up the slanting seat towards the upper window, and was able to see that the carriage had tilted over, probably onto a steep bank, and stuck there; the upper end was on the line of rails, and high above them. He looked out into a wet mist, through which the dawn was struggling. All was silent and still. There was no outcry, no rush of hurrying, terrified people, no signs of distress. The white fog blurred earth and sky, they seemed to be alone in space.

Then Caradoc remembered that he had got into a compartment at the back of the train, and that, for the sake of intricate cross-country connections the coach was attached to the Northern train, and slipped at Ashen-head. There had, perhaps, been no travellers in it but himself and his companions. It was behind the guard's van, and had got uncoupled, and flung half over the edge of an embankment.

"I don't think anything more can happen to us," he said in even, cheerful tones. "We've got loose; they'll find out they've dropped us and come back— Ah, good luck! Here!"

He found a flask of whisky in his pocket, which he had got at the farm, poured some into its metal cup, and of-

fered it to his fellow-travellers. Elsie's father was able to drink it. The stunning effect of the shock had passed off.

"I'm lamed somehow," he said; "my leg is hurt, wrenched and twisted; not, I think, broken. Elsie!"

"Yes, papa, I'm safe," said Elsie. She was stupid with the shock and felt nothing.

"I think," said Caradoc, "that I'd better climb out of the window and see where we are. If I could get the door open we might get you out, but I'm afraid of bringing the whole concern down on our heads."

The slim young mountaineer was as active as a cat, and had soon got himself out of the window and dropped on to the line below. The morning air was damp and chill, the light grew every moment, but the soft driving mist hid the surroundings, and he could not see at all where he was. There was no sign from any other compartment, though he went alongside and shouted; then round, down on the embankment, and tried to look in. The crash had put all the lights out. They must wait, they could not be very far from a station.

Suddenly in the silence—and the silence of the autumn morning was intense—there was just a twitter of birds—suddenly he began to hear in the distance from which they came an ominous sound—the rush, the rumble of a coming train. Caradoc was standing on the bank below the fallen coach; he dashed at the shivered door of his own compartment and tore at its frame, dragging away enough of it to make an opening. "Out—out for your lives!"

He dragged Elsie through, and then her father down on to the bank, and then, as the sound came nearer, rushed up the line towards the advancing train and shouted with all his strength, uttering the "coo-ee" which he and his brother had practised till each could hear the other from Scunner Head to

Cathrigg Fell. The train came on—he could almost see it, the mist was clearing, the wind had risen. Suddenly the sun broke through, the veil lifted, Caradoc saw and was seen. The engine whistled, the approaching sound changed, the speed slackened. Caradoc

felt a sharp, stifling pain run through him. He staggered, swerved aside and fell down the bank in a dead faint, as the approaching train, with all its brakes put on, came to a standstill within a yard or two of the fallen carriage!

The Sunday Magazine.

(To be continued.)

Christabel Coleridge.

ON RELIGIOUS NOVELS.

A new cure for old griefs; the physician who has this to offer will never want for patients.

The readers of religious novels—like those persons who will not try well-known remedies yet are glad to experiment with every newly advertised drug—these readers are ever on the watch for fresh faiths. Oppressed with a thousand sorrows, as old as Time, they still crowd forward, with strange optimism, to try the new recipes for joy. I think that here we have the real reason for the extraordinary popularity of "religious" fiction; it is one more cure for the ills of a world which has "ailed from the first." Not an abstract love of truth, not even a deep interest in theology, is at the root of this demand for religious fiction, but the intensely personal question, "Will these books help me to be happier?"

There can be no doubt that the majority of mankind like to be led by some guide or other. Independent judgment on any matter is an exceedingly rare thing to meet with in any one; and this is especially the case in matters of religion. We either do not wish to be troubled to decide for ourselves, or, perhaps, we feel an incapacity to do so satisfactorily. Be that as it may, the fact remains that most of us have accepted the views of other people

about religion and named them our beliefs. The whole machinery of churches, clergy, priests, is a standing proof of this fact. We want guides, men better qualified than ourselves to deal with the mysteries of religion, who are to decide for us what to believe. There is something pathetic in this universal confession of weakness; we cannot even make our own way straight to our gods; some one must be there to point out the road to us. When once it is recognized that the great majority of people are led, and that only a small minority think for themselves, the question of who the guides are becomes one of great importance. Looking back over "the past's tremendous disarray," we can only wonder and sorrow over the curious credulity of man, who has followed blind guides unquestioningly all the ages through, and is following them still, though not quite so unquestioningly. The tremendous ascendancy of the clergy which prevailed in other days is now a thing of the past; they influence still, but they dominate no longer. We may believe their teachings if we wish to, but it is not now a choice between orthodoxy and the stake.

There is, however, a danger of another sort ahead; for as the influence of the clergy has decreased the influence

of the Press has increased, so that the dominion has only been transferred to fresh hands, instead of being done away with. Thousands—tens of thousands—of people, who in former days would have been staunch Churchmen, repeating their creed like parrots, entirely unquestioning of its truth or falsity, have now as blindly taken their creeds from books of various kinds, from newspapers and popular magazines. Such persons will tell you that they "have ceased to believe in the Church;" but in nine cases out of ten they have taken up their attitude quite unthinkingly and from stupidity rather than from deep intellectual causes. They have simply read and read again all manner of attacks and criticisms on Churches and clergymen, until they came to accept these criticisms as truth without examining their claims with any seriousness. Thinking, clever men attack the creeds and dogmas and unthinking, stupid men at once find their whole faith undermined and profess to have lost it. How often we hear it said that "thinking men have stopped going to church"—the fact being that fully more unthinking men have done so, and with far more dangerous results. For the one is in no danger from throwing over what we may call "the church habit"—he will continue to think about God and eternity whether he goes to church or stays out of it; but the other, in renouncing the church habit, very often renounces along with it all but the most fleeting thoughts of holiness, unless he is supplied with some new spiritual influence.

It is here that the true province of the religious novel is found. Strange as it seems, there are many thousands of men and women ready and willing to have revised creeds supplied to them ready-made, complete in red boards, for 6s.! For such persons the religious novel

supplies a long-felt want and has the most distinct uses. Better any creed than none at all; and as the man who is content to accept his creed at the hand of the first author he reads is manifestly unfit to reason things out for himself, it is very easy to see what a responsibility rests with the new creed-makers. For creed-makers they all wish to be after they have done with being creed-breakers.

The thorough-going religious novel—and by this term I mean to describe only those books which deal plainly with religious problems, not those of a religious tendency—must always conform to one stereotyped form. It must, that is to say, be divided into two parts, the destructive and the constructive. For before the hero, or heroine, attains to a new faith, he or she must have passed through a period of unrest and scepticism; this must be described in the first part of the book, while the second must go on to the construction of the new faith on the ruins of the old, and this must form the other half of the story. Plot and character are apt to be falsified by a stereotyped method of this sort which cannot be avoided; the characters are bound to act up to what is expected of them, and this brings an exasperating improbability into the plot in most cases. This limitation of method is the reason why the majority of religious novels have to be relegated to the second rank of literature. When "purpose" comes in too boldly at the door, art is apt to fly out of the window; but, after all if authors wish to be teachers they probably are not ambitious to be artists, the one province being entirely apart from the other.

But to return to our subject. We have seen that a large class of the community is turning for help just now to religious novels; also that this class is not by any means the most intelligent among us. But there are other read-

ers for this sort of fiction whose intelligence cannot be called in question—I mean very young people and the half educated class.

The ladder of doubt, which generally leads up to some higher ground than that which it rests upon—has to be painfully climbed by most intelligent young creatures between the ages of fifteen and twenty. Let no one speak lightly of these struggles, as of some childish complaint we have all to pass through; for this growth of the soul is a critical process of far-reaching importance. There is no light acceptance here of the first creed that comes to hand; in a very agony of scepticism the straining young intellect will reject every argument or theory of the Universe which is offered to it by the orthodox, well-known guides. For it is a characteristic of youth that it must always be in a state of revolt from authority when in its period of growth; a necessity seems to be laid upon it to reject every dogma it has been brought up to believe, and to turn to new guides.

The influence of religious novels on such readers is often very profound, and very helpful for a time. Later on they may outgrow these teachers, but in the "present distress" they afford comfort and guidance. They see all their doubts and despairs reflected here, and take courage. Others have passed the lions. *The House Beautiful* may yet be ahead, and *The Delectable Mountains* may be gained at last. But the benefit of religious fiction to half-educated readers is much more questionable. The book which may comfort the doubter may easily torment the man who has never begun to doubt. He is presented in an easy readable form with a sort of digest of modern thought, more or less convincingly put. These ideas are hopelessly at variance with the creeds of his childhood, yet time and opportunity both fail him to

examine into their truth or falsehood. Such are the inevitable and melancholy results of cheap education and cheap culture—one more illustration of the truth that "a little learning is a dangerous thing."

Now to meet this hunger for help and truth and guidance, which is such a real want just now, only a few really good religious novels have ever been written. You might count them on your fingers. The number of indifferently good ones is countless, while of sorry trash there is no end at all. But in making this assertion I would wish you again to remember that I do not write of books of a religious tendency, but of those which deal with some definite dogmatical problem. Let us see what the best of these books have to teach—the others do not concern us.

The doubts of the children are seldom those that perplexed their fathers. It is true that they have each the same scheme of things to puzzle over; but each generation stumbles over some new stone on the old path. The fathers perhaps find their difficulty in predestination. The sons will find theirs in miracles, and the grandsons theirs in the inspiration of scripture—it is an endless chain. But I think if you examine the principal religious novels, you will find that they have followed, to a great extent, what is the general course of doubt as it rises, grows and takes possession of the human mind. That is to say, the phases of doubt which succeed each other more or less quickly in the individual, have been slowly worked out during a period of many years by a succession of authors. Let me illustrate my meaning by examples.

What may be termed the first innocent difficulties of most young thinkers about religion rise from an inability to reconcile the justice and omnipotence of God with the origin of evil, or the conception of a loving God with

the theory of an after-state of punishment. Now this earliest stage of doubt has its spokesman in George McDonald, one of the pioneers of religious fiction.

The writer (who is not yet gray-headed) can still remember the time when "Robert Falconer" was considered a book of almost atheistic tendency. Yet the doctrines which "Robert Falconer" was written to destroy, are only those of eternal punishment and predestination—old woes of the soul on its heavenward journey, which one seldom hears mentioned nowadays except as a subject of (exceedingly unsuitable) jest. But at the time when "Robert Falconer" was written these doctrines were so universally held that a clever writer like George McDonald thought it worth his while to devote his talents to the task of combating them. He found in these questions an inspiration which he never found again in any of his later work. "Is God indeed Love?" is the question of questions with George McDonald, and his hero Robert is puzzling over this from the first page to the last. His cry of "I dinna care for God to love me, gin He doesna love ilka body," has been the cry of most generous young hearts at one time in their experience. Robert, of course, under the care of his stern old Calvinistic grandmother has to pass through the period of revolt—the destructive part of the book has to be set down; but this is so artistically done that the artificiality of the method never appears; we do not think about machinery—we are only interested in the very human difficulties of poor Robert. The second—constructive—half of the book is less convincing, because by this time we begin to perceive the method, and have become aware that it is clearly necessary for Robert, at this point, to begin reconstructing his scheme of things. Still, the probability of the story and of the charac-

terization does not flag—to the last Robert is a real human being to us, not a puppet created to give expression to certain views. And this shows the more admirable skill, because the book is cram full of views—arguments they scarcely deserved to be called. George McDonald takes up the unanswerable ground that religious truths must be felt, and are beyond the reach of proof, and beyond the influence of argument. This position is one too seldom taken up by the polemical novelist of to-day, yet it is, I think, the reason why "Robert Falconer" stands the test of time as it does; "arguments," "proofs," "demonstrations of science," and so forth, are terribly apt to become out of date, or to be overturned by some newer proof or discovery; but the emotional proof is little likely to be superseded. Job's argument is still the best:—"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

There is a passage in "Robert Falconer" which exhibits pretty clearly the point that public thought had arrived at at the time the book was written. It is this:—"Robert's mother had taught him to look up—that there was a God. He would put it to the test. Not that he doubted yet; but he doubted whether there was a hearing God. But was that not worse? It was, I think. *For it is of far more consequence what kind of a God, than whether a God at all.*" I doubt if this sentence could have been penned in the Twentieth Century. Since the days of "Robert Falconer" doubt has become far more widely diffused and far more despairing. Thousands in these present evil days would reverse George McDonald's sentence, saying: "It is of far more consequence whether there be a God at all, than of what kind He is;" but this view of things was yet a great way off on the literary horizon.

The remarkable productions of "Mark Rutherford" seem to me to follow the writings of George McDonald by natu-

ral sequence. For they are the evangel of agnosticism, that constant refuge of questioners.

The nightmare quality of "Mark Rutherford" and "Mark Rutherford's Deliverance," together with the beautiful style in which they are written, single out these books from all other religious novels. They are, in truth, more autobiographies than novels, though they conform strictly to the limitations of the received method for religious fiction; the two books tell, that is to say, of the destruction of Mark Rutherford's faith and of the building up again of something—one can scarcely call it by the name of faith—by which he lived and died. I have said that these books have a nightmare quality, and the expression is no exaggeration. To use Mark Rutherford's own words, the books tell of "blind wanderings in a world of black fog haunted by apparitions." A sordid, weary world, too—a world of petty tradesmen, who are degraded by their trades and live disgusting, ignoble lives. Rutherford has that fatal type of mind which can never be happy, because he sickens at his own appointed world. He cannot adopt the sensible view that in every class there are fine men who lead honorable lives; he sees nothing but the seamy side of everything. The narrowness of the men he is brought in contact with, instead of amusing him, nearly maddens him, and things go from bad to worse. All this, and Rutherford's decline from orthodox Christianity, are recorded in the "Autobiography;" the "Deliverance" is the sequel to the "Autobiography." Rutherford has come to the most conclusive of conclusions by this time:—

No theory of the world is possible. The storm, the rain slowly rotting the harvests, children sickening in cellars, are obvious; but equally obvious are an evening in June, the delight of men

and women in each other, in music, and in the exercise of thought. There can surely be no question that the sum of satisfaction is increasing . . . as the earth from which we sprang is being worked out of the race, and a higher type is being developed. I may observe, too, that though it is usually supposed, it is erroneously supposed, that it is pure doubt that disturbs or depresses us. Simple suspense is, in fact, very rare, for there are few persons so constituted as to be able to remain in it. It is dogmatism under the cloak of doubt which pulls us down. It is the dogmatism of death, for instance, which we have to avoid. The open grave is dogmatic, and we say, "That man is gone"—but it is as much a transgression of the limits of certitude as if we were to say, "He is an angel in bliss." The proper attitude, the attitude enjoined by the severest exercise of reason, is, "*I do not know;*" and in this there is an element of hope, now rising, now falling, but always sufficient to prevent that feeling of blank despair which we must feel if we consider it as settled that when we lie down under the grass there is an absolute end.

I have mentioned the "Mark Rutherford" series because it forms a link in the chain of religious novels, beginning with George McDonald; also because by their great literary excellence they stand alone among their kind. But these books will never be devoured by the "average reader," and for this reason "Mark Rutherford" cannot be spoken of as one of the popular guides. He is, indeed, *caviare* to the general; the "average reader" finds himself quickly out of his depth here; the young reader, thank God, knows little of the direful experiences recorded in these sombre pages. The rootless intellectual difficulties of youth are almost entirely theoretical, and cannot be named in the same breath with the heart-sickening doubts of later life. The man who, through the extremity of his own suffering, has caught a glimpse of

the suffering of the whole world, does not doubt for himself alone. He sees his own grief reflected in a million other lives, and the chances are that he doubts in consequence of that insight—doubts of the reported loving God, the merciful Father, the sharer of man's griefs—doubts of His power who does not stem this frightful torrent of human misery—doubts, finally, if any Eye watches over man's pitiful journey.

In the case of the individual, reaction often follows after agnosticism. And following this rule, "Mark Rutherford's" books were followed by those of a reactionist—Mrs. Humphry Ward. She is not content with "the attitude enjoined by the severest exercise of reason"—she is quite convinced that we know enough to guide ourselves, whatever our theoretical difficulties may be. That terribly talked-about book, "Robert Elsmere," is the outcome of this belief. As all the world knows, "Robert Elsmere" deals with the question of the divinity of Christ. Robert reaches the crisis of his soul's experience when he confesses: "Every human soul in which the voice of God makes itself felt enjoys equally with Jesus of Nazareth the divine Sonship—and miracles do not happen."

Theologians and thinkers had been arguing over this question of the miracle of miracles for a very long time; but at the publication of "Robert Elsmere" all the world began to argue about it. I do not believe that one-half the people who professed to find here an expression of their own difficulties had hitherto given the matter an hour's honest thought. The story was arrestingly told, and a new creed has attractions, and off went the proverbial sheep after each other to form a Robert Elsmere brotherhood on the spot—so much for such readers.

But among young readers, who are generally untrained thinkers, the influence of "Robert Elsmere" was much

deeper. They found here, not only an expression of their doubts, but a satisfactory and well-reasoned solution of how, the miraculous element being excluded from the Gospels, they might yet remain the rule for holy living. Mrs. Ward writes strictly within rules; thus far her doubter goes, and no farther; the difficulty she tries to meet is this of the miraculous element in the Gospel, and this alone—thus indicating one other phase of doubt, a step more advanced than that of George McDonald.

As I said before, very few people care about abstract truth, but they all care about their individual happiness. In "Robert Elsmere" a great many people found a recipe for happiness, and this was one of the secrets of the book's popularity. It was no new gospel in one way, indeed—just the well-known, little regarded truism that we must live for others; but it was presented in a new light—life for others was to be our religion, instead of being the outcome of our religion. No doubt this view of things brought comfort to many a heart; there is no comfort at all to be compared with that which comes from practical work after one has been worrying over theoretical difficulties for a long time. "If you cannot accept the miraculous element in the Gospel story," Robert Elsmere taught, "accept its practical teaching, and you will see greater works done in yourself—the miracle of a readjusted life brought into line for the purposes of God for all mankind." There is something about the solemn, thorough-going manner of "Robert Elsmere" which convinces the reader that the author is entirely sincere in her conviction that here lies the road to righteousness.

Whatever the book may or may not be, it is a very thorough bit of work on its own lines, and the question it discusses has been systematically thought out. It is therefore worthy of

the attention it received. But it is the painful duty of one who chronicles the rise of religious fiction to notice the extraordinary popularity of the works of Edna Lyall; this lady rushes in where angels fear to tread. She grapples with the question of the existence of law before that of primordial cells; of where, in the evolutionary chain, the soul came in; she attempts, in short, to solve the insoluble, to answer the unanswerable, to know the unknowable. And the result? Well, the result is exactly what might be expected. That such manifest ineptitude should have met with so much admiration is a sign of the times to be carefully noted. Solomon himself could not have answered these questions—the British public, in tens of thousands, accepts the dictum of Miss Edna Lyall upon them and seems quite satisfied of its validity. It is a pity for a nation to be priest-ridden, to accept its beliefs too childishly from the hands of even a learned class of men; but it is a much greater pity for a nation to give itself over into the hands of novelists for religious instruction. That the works of Edna Lyall are well intentioned, and that their influence is meant to be elevating and wholesome, cannot be questioned; it is the inadequacy of means to the end which annoys one in reading these books and a host of others, their followers, which shall be nameless. The mysteries of God, the unspeakable riddles of life and being—how can these be dealt with in the happy-go-lucky three-volume style, so fatally fluent, so pathetically self-confident? "To plough with a light harrow," as the old saying goes, in the dark fields of our awful, inexplicable world is surely a grave blunder. And any author who seriously proposes to settle the riddles of the universe by a work of fiction—or, for that matter, by a work not of fiction—has most evidently scratched only the surface of

his subject. This class of religious novel all comes under the reactionist heading; written in the determination that a way is to be found out of the doubts which modern inquiry has raised, they purport to reconcile science and religion. Products merely of a phase in the progress of thought, their nature is necessarily ephemeral. But in their weakness lies their strength. Just because these books attempt the impossible they are eagerly read on all hands, and their readers fondly imagine that they have here a real solution of their difficulties—an argued solution they will tell you—not the emotional appeal of George McDonald, not this the practical refuge of Mrs. Humphry Ward, not the melancholy incertitude of "Mark Rutherford," but a distinctly argued case, in scientific terms, which neatly and accurately meets every difficulty and overcomes it. I have said before, this is what most people want.

For those who desire to go into the question of Churches—Protestant *versus* Catholic—there is a veritable literature of fiction. But as only the novel of dogmatic tendency comes within the scope of this article, these cannot be noticed, though there are many excellent novels with this purpose.

There remains, however, a further, an ultimate stage of doubt, which, occurring as it does in the individual, is bound to be reproduced in literature, which is the synthetic reflection of thousands of individuals. "The Increasing Purpose," by John Lane Allen, gives a picture of doubt which has reached the point of entire scepticism:—

"Do you not believe in God?" asked the Professor. "Ah—that question! which shuts the gates of consciousness upon us when we enter sleep, and sits close outside of our eyelids as we waken; which was framed in us ere we were born, which comes fullest to life in us

as life itself ebbs fastest. That question which exacts of the Finite to affirm whether it apprehends the Infinite—that prodding of the evening midge for its opinion of the Polar Star!"

The story of this doubter's doubts is told in such beautiful language that the book deserves to live, quite apart from the conclusions arrived at in the second, the constructive, half of it. For these conclusions can hardly be called satisfactory:—

Science, science! There is the fresh path for the faith of the race. For the race henceforth must get its idea of God, and build its religion to Him, from its knowledge of the laws of His universe. A million million years from now! Where will our dark theological dogmas be in that radiant time? The Creator of life in all life must be studied, and in the study of science least wrangling, least tyranny, least bigotry, no persecution. Our religion will more and more be what our science is, and some day they will be the same.

The reign of law—and beautifully, eloquently expressed. But the one tremendous defect lurks here; the wayfaring man, if a fool, would err therein. More than that, the miserable man will not be comforted thus. There is in "Mark Rutherford" a very ridiculous example of what I mean. A description is given there of the way in which Rutherford tried to reconcile a miserable man to life. The man was a waiter in a cheap restaurant, and was underfed, underpaid and overworked. He had a drunken wife who made his home wretched. To soothe these tragically sordid miseries Rutherford tells the man of the reign of law, the ultimate triumph of science; "we tried to soothe him in every way." Rutherford adds naïvely, when recounting this attempt at comfort. To "soothe" a hungry man, who has a drunken wife, by descriptions of the ultimate triumph of law and order is manifestly absurd. This

incongruity must appear to any one who seriously tries to salve the ills and woes of life by any such considerations. These lofty counsels might (perhaps) afford some comfort to a Socrates under the trial of a Xantippe—the average man is more likely to be provoked than soothed by them.

When you consider that each one of the authors whose books I have considered, is only the leader of his or her own especial band of imitators, some idea may be obtained of the ramifications of religious fiction. Not a doubt but has its special pleader; not a new faith but has its prophet. And the newer the faith, the poorer the book that is produced by it. One has some patience with the old classic doubter, with his genuine scruples; but the newcomers who quickly renounce their childhood's faith, and with the utmost agility replace it by means of electricity or vegetarianism, theosophy or Christian science, cannot hold our sympathies. It is illiberal and perhaps unfair to say that the new is never true; but for the purposes of serious fiction it is a safe rule to keep to the old paths. No brand-new ideas can be the right material for building a book of. The sifting, testing processes of time are needed to make ideas into usable book-stuff, just as wood needs seasoning before it can make a seaworthy craft. The shrinkage of ideas has to be allowed for:—what seems to fill the public mind and dominate knowledge one year, may have shrunk into insignificance before twelve more months have run. This view of things, if practically adhered to, leaves rather a small field for the religious novelist of the future. "The stories have all been told"—an eminent authority tells us; certainly the doubts have all been expressed. Perhaps a truce may be called now—it is time—but the War of Opinions will still go on.

Jane H. Findlater.

THE BOOK OF THE DEAD.*

Readers of "Nature" will remember that nearly three years ago we noticed the appearance of a work, published by the trustees of the British Museum, in which facsimiles were given of the Egyptian papyri of Hunefer, Anhai, Kerasher and Netchemet, together with the text of the papyrus of Nu, the whole work being edited and annotated or translated by Dr. Wallis Budge, the keeper of our national collection of Oriental antiquities. As we pointed out at the time, this monumental work completed the series of facsimiles of papyri of the "Book of the Dead," which the trustees of the Museum have published at intervals during the last eighteen years, and by its appearance furnished scholars with a remarkable series of papyri of all periods for the study of the funereal literature of the ancient Egyptians. The great amount of new material published in this series of volumes rendered still more apparent the want of a complete edition of the text of the "Book of the Dead," which has been increasingly felt since the appearance in 1886 of M. Naville's "Das Todtenbuch der Ägypter," in which were given the various chapters from the different papyri then available.

The want was supplied by Dr. Budge, who, under the title "Chapters of Coming Forth by Day," published a complete edition of the text, based upon all known papyri, together with a translation and a full vocabulary to the hieroglyphic texts. This bulky work in three volumes appealed in the main to scholars, while its price placed

it beyond the reach of many whose interest in the "Book of the Dead" stopped short of the acquisition of its complete hieroglyphic text. It was in answer to numerous requests from this latter class of readers, as we learn from the preface to the volumes before us, that the publishers decided to include Dr. Budge's English translation in their series of little "Books on Egypt and Chaldaea." The books under review, however, contain no mere reprint of a portion of the former work. Careful revision, based on a comparison of the original documents, constitutes the translation a new edition of the English rendering; and while from the introduction the general reader may gain a knowledge of the history, object and contents of the "Book of the Dead," he need not be puzzled by obscure references or phrases in the translation if he consults the many explanatory notes which have been added to this edition. We shall in the main confine ourselves to the new material thus presented, and shall refer in some detail to the remarkable series of vignettes here published for the first time; before doing so, however, it will be necessary to sketch briefly the nature of the religious texts which are here translated.

The title "Book of the Dead" is now almost a household word, and it is never likely to be changed either for the Egyptian title "Chapters of Coming Forth by Day," or for any conventional description of its contents. That it is unsatisfactory Dr. Budge admits, for the "Book of the Dead" is not a book

* "The Book of the Dead: an English Translation of the Chapters, Hymns, etc., of the Theban Recension, with Introduction, Notes, etc., and with Four Hundred and Twenty Vignettes." By E. A. Wallis Budge, M.A. Litt.D., D.Lit. In

three volumes. Pp. xvi plus viii plus iii plus 702. Vols. vi.-viii. of the series "Books on Egypt and Chaldaea." (London: Kegan Paul and Co., Ltd., 1901.)

in the strict sense, that is to say, it is not a fixed composition, the different copies of which vary but slightly. But the title is short, it is sanctioned by the authority of Champollion and Lepsius, and the texts so described certainly concern the dead; moreover, it is far preferable to the titles "Ritual of the Dead" and "Funeral Ritual," which have been suggested as substitutes. The great body of Egyptian religious texts which bear this title have a long and varied history; with their origin buried in the remote past, they grew by accretion throughout the whole life of the Egyptian nation, and their contents reflect the beliefs and opinions of many different and conflicting schools of thought. But, as Dr. Budge points out, every chapter or section that has yet been recovered has a link which connects it with the rest; however barbarous or however exalted may be the character of the beliefs a chapter embodies, it shares a common object with the others—that of benefiting in some way the deceased. And it is this common object which constitutes the claim of the "Book of the Dead" to be the great national religious composition of ancient Egypt. In what way its chapters were to benefit the deceased may best be described in Dr. Budge's own summary:—

They were intended to give him the power to have and to enjoy life everlasting, to give him everything he required in the life beyond the grave, to ensure his victory over his foes, to procure for him the power of going whithersoever he pleased and when and how he pleased, to preserve the mummy intact, and finally to enable his soul to enter into the bark of Ra or into whatever abode of the blessed had been conceived of by him.

The recently discovered graves of some of the indigenous inhabitants of Egypt show that two distinct methods of burial were practised at that early

period, and probably by two distinct peoples. By the one the dead were partially burnt, and afterwards the skull and bones were placed in a shallow pit; by the other the body was either buried whole or after it had been dismembered. Both peoples oriented the dead in the same direction and both made offerings to the dead. It is clear, therefore, that both peoples had a clear perception of a future life, while the traces of bitumen discovered by Dr. Fouquet upon some of the buried bodies suggest that these early inhabitants of Egypt, like their later descendants, believed that the welfare of the deceased depended upon the preservation of their earthly remains. Although no inscriptions have been found in these early graves, there is much that lends color to Dr. Budge's suggestion that the origin of the "Book of the Dead" may be traced to the prayers and formulæ recited during burial at this early period in order to preserve the dead body from the attacks of wild animals and from decay. The earliest written version of the "Book of the Dead" occurs upon the walls of the chambers and passages in the pyramids of the kings of the fifth and sixth dynasties at Sakkâra, and it does not, therefore, date from an earlier period than B.C. 3500; but the mistakes and misunderstandings of the scribes who engraved these texts prove that many of the formulæ were even then unintelligible by reason of their antiquity; moreover, the beasts and creatures, which the prayers and spells were intended to frighten away from the dead man, belong to the period when forests clothed the banks of the Nile in Egypt and river monsters of all kinds abounded which are now only to be found on the upper reaches of the Blue Nile and near the Great Lakes.

In his introduction, Dr. Budge has brought together some exceedingly interesting evidence that parts of the

"Book of the Dead" were in general use even before the period of the kings of the first dynasty; but what concerns us here is, not the early history of the book, but the traces which its early history has left upon it, and which have been retained even in its most perfect and complete form, the so-called "Theban version," which is found written upon papyri in tombs of the eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth dynasties. The Egyptian was conservative to the backbone, and to this conservatism the anthropologist and the scientific student of religion are much indebted; for as he advanced in his religious beliefs and conceptions, he did not discard all traces of his earlier and more primitive state, but along with the profession of his more spiritual faith he jealously clung to and retained the earlier spells and formulæ which had long ceased to apply to his own condition of life. It is thus possible in the "Book of the Dead" to trace the semi-barbarous North-African element contending with moral and spiritual beliefs, the rise of which Dr. Budge traces to the presence of some Proto-Asiatic element in the composition of the Egyptian race. The space at our disposal does not admit of our treating this fascinating subject at greater length, and for a more detailed discussion we must refer the reader to Dr. Budge's introduction.

We have already made a brief reference to one of the most striking characteristics of this latest edition of the "Book of the Dead"—the beautiful series of outline blocks with which the chapters are illustrated. The ancient Egyptian scribes and artists used to add to the separate chapters or sections of the work vignettes, or pictures, intended to illustrate their general contents and also to have in themselves a magical effect upon the destinies of the deceased; and these pictures are often of considerable assistance in the interpretation of the texts to which they

refer. Dr. Budge has selected the vignettes from the best papyri, and where the designs vary in different papyri he has given more than one version; as interesting examples of varying treatment we may refer to the three vignettes illustrating the "Weighing of the Heart" (p. 31 f.), the numerous illustrations to chapter xvii and the curious variant to the vignettes of chapter xxxvi. This last chapter ensures the driving away of the insect called *Apshait*, which Dr. Budge identifies with

the beetle which is often found crushed between the bandages of poorly made mummies or even inside the body itself, where it has forced its way in search of food.

Thus, in most vignettes to this chapter the deceased is represented spearing a beetle, as in those illustrated on p. 161; but in the vignette on p. 162 the deceased is portrayed spearing a pig and not a beetle, which the translator ingeniously explains as due to the scribe having confused the proper name *Apshait* with *shaa*, the word for "pig." The vignettes throughout the volume have been faithfully drawn from the originals in bold, clear outline, and, apart from the light they throw upon the text, they form in themselves a beautiful series of examples of Egyptian design and draughtsmanship.

In conclusion, we may say that we heartily endorse the remarks which are made in the preface with regard to the fashion that has grown up among certain writers on Egyptology during the last few years, who decry the "Book of the Dead" and announce as a great discovery that part of its texts are corrupt. But, as Dr. Budge remarks, this fact has been well known to Egyptologists for the last fifty years, and is, moreover, a characteristic shared by every great national religious composi-

tion which is handed down first by oral tradition and secondly by copies which are multiplied by professional scribes.

"The more the 'Book of the Dead' is read and examined," he adds, "the better chance there is of its difficult allusions being explained and its dark passages made clear, and this much-to-be-desired result can only be brought

Nature.

about by the study, and not by the condemnation, of its texts."

To this end no other scholar has contributed so much as Dr. Budge himself, and his latest efforts, embodied in the volumes before us, will place a rich store of material within the reach of the humblest worker in the great field of the comparative study of religions.

THE BLUSH.

In 1769 people from the neighboring châteaux in that charming district of the Bourbonnais which now forms the Department of the Allier often made parties to Bessay merely to see the terraced orchard-garden, the creation of Madame la Marquise de Bessay. She was proud of it, and with reason.

But it is not in his mother's orchard-garden that we shall find Gaspar Elie Dieudonné, the young Chevalier de Bessay, on this May afternoon, when the thick arms of the apple-trees, laden with pink bouquets, make the place a vision—a vision, too, that will last a week if the fine weather holds—of fresh festal bloom. The wall which backed the eastern terrace had a door in it, giving on the woods. From this door a winding path, followed for ten minutes, took you to an artificial clearing in the middle of a birch plantation. Here stood a two-storied pavilion of fantastic architecture, known as the Chevalier's. It was his habit to spend the best part of the summer days in this place.

On the special afternoon with which we have to do, Gaspar was neither playing on his beautiful little violin, nor making wild verses in his head, nor studying a Latin author with

the help of M. Letourneau, the *curd* of the village of Bessay. He was alone this afternoon, idle, and, to judge by his face, out of spirits. He lay rather than sat, with his legs stretched out along the finely mosaicked floor, and his arm flung over the arm of his chair, and his head dropped on his arm. He was a short young fellow of one and twenty; broad in build; he had a dark-skinned face with a fine, powerful forehead; his other features were neither good nor bad, and when he smiled he looked handsome.

The room, a large and long one, took up the whole first floor of the pavilion. It was furnished like a *salon*—elegantly, but very sparingly. This emptiness, together with the air of luxury there was about the few things the apartment did contain, had a strange effect.

At Bessay every one understood that, with the exception of his mother, his valet, and his friend, M. Letourneau, no one was to enter the Chevalier's pavilion in the wood without an invitation. But this afternoon there came slowly and carefully along the winding path a person who was none of these, and yet had not been invited—a girl of sixteen, small and slight; her piquant little face had a color so brilliant it shamed

the best red and white of the older lady visitors up at the château; her large eyes spoke as only Creole eyes speak, and in her movements there was the inimitable, half-lively, half-lazy Creole grace.

The little sylph, who was dressed in a thin white gown with a short train to it, a lace fichu, and an immense shepherdess hat all over flowers, pinned on her left ear—the child, I say, had taken off her high-heeled white satin shoes and carried them in one hand. Apparently her idea was to surprise the solitary dreamer in the pavilion.

Light as a fawn she advanced, indeed, like a fairy; without a sound she mounted the five marble steps up to the glass door of the pavilion. It stood open; scarcely breathing, she passed in.

Gaspar did not move. He seemed to be staring down at the floor. Well satisfied, the young girl glided to the other end of the room. Pushed into a corner, in what seemed an ill-chosen position, there was a table in marqueterie. On it lay Gaspar's violin. The girl dropped beside the instrument a handful of wild lemon-colored flowers. They were not much to look at, these children of the hedgerow, but they had a peculiar and pleasant though exceedingly faint fragrance. Lucette (they called her so, her name was Lucinde) had heard Gaspar de Bessay speaking of the smell of these flowers; he loved it, he said. He did not think there were any out yet, he had not noticed the odor in his walks.

Thereupon Lucette had an idea. She took her maid with her, very loth, and went a-hunting. Here were her spoils. She meant to leave the flowers lying by Gaspar's violin, and when he came that way, as he was sure to do soon, for he had a great habit of pacing the room, he would discover by the perfume that they were there, and go and

feel for them, and take them up in his hand, and be—oh, so charmingly puzzled, so inordinately surprised!

You guess it now. The Chevalier de Bessay was blind. His sight had been destroyed by an accident when he was a child of six. His father, who valued his children according as they pleased his vanity, had cared little for the sight of him since. His mother, singularly severe with the elder ones of the family, had had the weak, nay, let us say, the strong spot in her heart touched by the terrible misfortune of the bold, robust, forward little boy. He had been born eight years after his one brother and three sisters, so it was easy for her to spoil him. His nature, generous and a little grave, and profoundly loving, stood the spoiling fairly well. As he grew up, his great fault was that he was unsociable. He avoided his fellow-creatures, civilly, cheerfully, but he did avoid them. This spring a marriage was in course of arrangement for Gaspar's elder brother. He bore the title of Count de Valmény, was twenty-eight, colonel in a smart regiment, strikingly handsome, a favorite at Court and a joyous spendthrift. As he inherited the latter quality from his father, it became necessary about this time for Madame la Marquise to consider the money question. Lucinde de la Rose, the bride she had looked out for De Valmény, belonged to the little provincial nobility, while De Bessay is a name both ancient and illustrious; but then Lucinde's father had made a huge fortune in Martinique, where he married the daughter of a proprietor of the island.

Returning as a widower with the fourteen-year-old Lucette to France, he bought Combes, an estate in the Bourbons, near Bessay. The Marquise and her husband took notice of him. They had decided that the little heiress would do for their elder son. It would be a useful match for De Valmény, and

a brilliant one for a young lady who was only called *De la Rose*.

The man who had made the money they wanted fell in with their views. He was ambitious for his darling. He wanted to see *Lucette* at Court. The affair by this time was almost as good as concluded, and here, after two years at a Paris convent school, was *Lucette*, a guest at *Bessay*, occupied in making the acquaintance of her future relatives. Her future husband she had not yet seen—*De Valmény* was expected in three days' time. But her acquaintance with the *Chevalier* began to be quite an old one; she had been six long weeks at *Bessay*.

Now before leaving the pavilion she cast a lingering glance towards *Gaspar*. There was something like soreness at her heart. It seemed to her that during the last few days a cloud had come between them. What it was, the whence or the wherefore of it, whether his fault or hers, she knew not. She wished it away, and yet—She could not frankly say, "Aren't we as much friends as ever? Have I offended you?"

It was partly because of this uncomfortable consciousness that she had brought her flowers stealthily. Her stratagem was a success; she had only to get away now; but she delayed. Suddenly *Gaspar* raised himself up.

"Well," he said.

Lucette started.

"It's *Lucette*," she said quickly.

"I knew that as you came up the steps."

"And took no notice of me? Oh!"

"I perceived that you wanted me to be ignorant of your presence. It is not often I can please a lady. When I can—"

"Why did you speak at last?"

"I don't know."

There was a pause. *Gaspar's* face was turned towards her. But for a peculiar fixity in their gaze, the full

black eyes of the young man bore no mark of his infirmity. The visual nerves were withered; the orbs remained intact. His tone had been that of polite persiflage, but he looked serious, almost—and this was rare in him—severe. *Lucette* stood doubtful. Her beauty had a character of exquisiteness and frailness; she was, however, a strong little girl—headstrong too, some people said.

With formal courtesy *Gaspar* invited her to be seated. Such a manner wounded her in him like an insult.

"No, thank you," she said haughtily.

She moved to the door. Not for the world would she have mentioned her pastoral offering. But, feebly delicate though the smell of the flowers was, *Gaspar* had detected it from afar.

"I am much obliged to you for the *Queen's favors*," he said, standing up. (This was their country name in the province.) "So much goodness is too much," he added, still speaking like an automaton.

Lucette bit her lip. She remembered her shoes, and drew them on in a great hurry.

"Good-bye," she said lightly.

Gaspar, with a business-like air, said that he would escort her as far as the orchard-garden.

"Don't give yourself the trouble."

"I am not altogether a boor. The wood is my domain, and I must see you off it."

He took up his oak stick, though he scarcely needed it in the wood path, of which he knew every step. They started at a leisurely pace. For a few moments nothing was said. Strangely enough, *Gaspar's* pathetic fixed look forward seemed to be repeated in the face of *Lucette*, as she walked along with her head bent down. All at once she changed. She began talking, chattering, in her liquid, rather low, yet clear voice, that charming voice which was perhaps her best gift.

Gaily she talked, imitating the childish abandonment and liveliness which had so irresistibly won on Gaspar when first she came, a bold affectionate little intruder, into his luxurious hermitage. How many good laughs they had had! She laughed still. Gaspar, subtle of ear though he was, did not observe anything forced in the tinkling fall-of merry notes. What was this she was saying?

... So I am considered an excellent horsewoman, and to-morrow, when father and I return to Combes we shall ride, and a great party from Bessay will escort us, and we shall have luncheon at Combes on the lawn of Diana, and afterwards dancing and any other mad fun we can invent. My father says there is no Salle law at Combes, but I am Queen, and he is Prime Minister."

"Ah, yes. You leave Bessay to-morrow."

"They tell me it would not be proper for me to be here when the Comte de Valménny comes." There had been a shade of embarrassment in her manner; she went on instantly, "How charming life is! Don't you think so?" Not waiting for a reply, "And I forgot to tell you; this afternoon, an hour before dinner, M. Monton, the poet, you know, who has actually corresponded with M. de Voltaire, is going to read some of his own verses in the yellow *salon*, and—imagine!—since being at Bessay he has composed a new piece—on what subject do you suppose? Me. He will read that one last; it is a dead secret; but your sister, Madame du Puy, kindly told me, in order that I might have time to think of a pretty impromptu speech of thanks."

They had come to the door in the wall. Gaspar stooped forward and opened it without any difficulty.

"And have you thought of one?" he inquired.

"No, but I have two hours yet. Won't

you come over at five and judge as to how I acquit myself?"

To her surprise Gaspar replied quietly, "Yes, I will come."

Lucette grew silent. She looked before her at the great green garden, crowded with blossomy branches. Above, lining the walk on each terrace, were more fruit trees yet in wreathy ranks, and rose trees on a lofty green trellis-work climbed from garden to terraces. These just began to show among their little leaves the reds and whites and yellows of buds; they had their feet set in a wilderness of strawberry plants and old sweet herbs. It was one of those days when between the eye and all else it sees dances the white butterfly. The sun delighted itself in all this life, set free on every side a thousand thousand thrilling, infinitesimally humble, springtime joys, heightened colors and odors to ecstasy point.

Lucette sighed.

Her eyes sought Gaspar. She longed intensely to see on his dark face the smile which gave it fascination. But she felt a chill, a powerlessness upon her. She dared not now attempt the thing she had been used never to fail in. She only looked with helpless, hungry eyes.

"Then *au revoir*," said Gaspar.

"*Au revoir*," laughed Lucette.

She ran off. Gaspar listened till the light quick footsteps died away in his darkness. Then he returned to the pavilion.

* * * * *

Later in the afternoon, M. Letourneau, the *curé* of the village of Bessay, walked with bent back and long strides up the wood path. He seldom passed a day without making time to visit his friend and pupil. He had taught the Chevalier to read and write while the Chevalier could still see. And as time went on he had contrived by oral instruction alone to make a fair classical schol-

ar of the lad. Letourneau himself, who had never amassed anything else, had somehow got together an amount of learning very extraordinary in a country *curé*. What he could not learn was how to try for promotion.

He was an elderly man, tall and thin, and so awkwardly proportioned that he looked, said a wit at the château, as if Nature, while turning him off, had been for once as absent-minded as was habitually M. Letourneau himself. His shabby cassock hung with a scarecrow air of defiance from the salient angles of this ill-constructed framework. The face, weather-marked, sunken and long-featured, had a look which attracted. The heart showed through.

Clearer and clearer, as he hurried along the wood path, Letourneau heard, coming from the pavilion, the wild tones of Gaspar's violin. It complained, sobbed, screamed. Then there was a noise as if twenty devils were all at the same time improvising original arias on the instrument; stillness followed, and Letourneau, mounting the steps at one stride, saw Gaspar with his fiddle raised above his head in the very act of dashing it down upon the floor. He looked as if the next moment he would have trampled on it.

"Gaspar!" cried the *curé*.

The young man's arm fell harmless by his side. He crossed the room, left clear in order that his movements might be unimpeded, laid the violin on the table in the corner, and stood there with his back turned. Letourneau came up to him.

"What ails you, my son?" he said.

"I got in a passion with my fiddle," said Gaspar.

The *curé* shook his head.

"I wish I could help you," he said simply. "You have some trouble. You don't look like yourself, and you have lost all interest" (here Letourneau unconsciously grew reproachful) "in our

translation of the Georgics. If you don't wish to speak you won't speak, but—I wish I could help you."

"Nothing ails me," said Gaspar, "except that I am a fool. As for the Georgics, it's true I can't work to-day."

"I knew it," said Letourneau plaintively.

He was very vain of the bold original ear for verse which Gaspar's part in this production revealed, and a little vain of the accurate scholarship he himself had contributed thereto. He hoped before long to surprise the world by an elegant booklet with notes—the notes entirely his own.

"No, I can't work to-day," said Gaspar, "for I have promised to go and hear an ass give a poetical reading up at the château, and I am due there now; but to-morrow, my friend, we will make up for lost time; to-morrow—" He paused, his hand wandered over the table, he took up one of Lucette's fading pale flowers, and pressed it against his face. "Yes, to-morrow," he repeated in a strange tone, "but meanwhile give me your arm. You must come with me, you know."

"As far as the door," said Letourneau hastily.

"Into the yellow *salon*."

"No, no. I have—"

"Plenty of leisure, for you came here ready for Virgil."

"My old cassock," murmured Letourneau, after a minute spent in searching out a better excuse than the one Gaspar had anticipated. "My housekeeper assures me that it is a scandal; I am even afraid she will soon refuse to mend it any more, and I am seriously, very seriously thinking that I must some day get a new one. Then—"

"Then you shall cut out the *abbé*, who is staying at the château. My mother assures me that he is the most exquisite of dandies; only burn the old cassock, or you will be putting it on by mistake. I don't know that your

eyes are of much more use than mine, after all, *mon maître*. Are you coming?"

"Yes," said Letourneau.

The scene in the yellow *salon* was a brilliant one. In a semi-circle sat a score or so of women. Many of them were really young and handsome, while the rest, by the aid of paint, powder and strength of will, managed to appear so—or very nearly. Full toilettes extravagantly rich, jewels in profusion, rouged cheeks like show carnations, artful structures of simple curls delicately silvered over, picture fans, Paris-made flowers, all showed up against the yellows of the background in bright daring harmony. Behind the chairs of the women stood the men, and their costume continued on instead of relieving the effect of the elaboration, variety, splendor.

Monton, the middle-aged poet, was as magnificent as any. He sat in the centre of the room, grasping his manuscript in one hand, while with the other he liberally helped out by means of gesticulation a voice which was thin and shrill. He was reciting or reading a poem not yet in print on the story of Cupid and Psyche. People listened with an air more or less successfully hit off of intelligent appreciation, for mind was the rage in society, and, besides, Monton had lately been taken up by a Royal Duchess. It was as the poem drew to a close that Gaspar and Letourneau arrived. They came in by a side-door. Letourneau, instead of joining the group of men at the back, placed himself with the Chevaller at the end of the feminine line, and in fact a little further forward than the women. Why? Because he simply was not thinking about the matter. For a moment all eyes were turned on the new-comers, on the odd rusty fidgety figure of the *curé*, on the Chevaller de Bessay, who comported himself like a statue.

There was no air of helplessness about him as he stood in the conspicuous position selected by Letourneau. His robust figure had the repose of power; his eyes were half closed, as if in self-concentration; the pose of the head, which was slightly thrown back, brought out strikingly the strong set of the mouth and jaw.

Lucinde de la Rose was seated at one end of the female half-circle, near the door by which Gaspar had entered. Like one or two more of the very young persons present, she wore no rouge. Her face was pale, but the *mignon* features looked none the less attractive for that. The heiress had some fine pearls on her neck and arms; her dress was the plainest in the room. When the Chevaller de Bessay appeared, she turned and whispered an insignificant and random remark to the girl next her, who, as the best way of reproving the little Creole, pretended to be too much absorbed in the recitation to hear her.

The light whisper reached Gaspar. He no longer stood in a black blank, penetrated only by the voice of the disclaimer. He knew now where Lucette was—close at hand.

Monton stopped. Both Gaspar and Letourneau were vaguely aware of a grateful quiet, but they had not heard a word. Gaspar had been listening for some fresh sound from Lucette's place. Letourneau was absorbed in trying to puzzle out a reason for the change in Gaspar. His gentle attempt to win a confidence having failed, he had respected what was evidently the young man's wish, and said no more about the anxiety which he had really felt with regard to his favorite for some days. It only came to a climax in the scene of this afternoon. What thing could it be, he asked himself, what concealed thing could have power to overwhelm in this sudden and subtle, yet unmistakable way his beloved

pupil's accustomed serenity of spirit? What could it be? Letourneau pondered, nibbling the knuckle of the first finger of his right hand—a practice he always found indispensable while preparing his sermons. But suddenly he was woken up by a movement on the part of Gaspar.

Lucette's effort to talk having been checked by her neighbor, she sat, as if unable to keep quiet, pulling at a medallion which hung from her necklace. Such a trick was unlike her. Feverishly the little fingers worked and worked; small wonder that at last a link came unfastened and the medallion fell on the polished floor. Slight as was the sound it made, Gaspar heard, and, discerning the exact spot where the object had fallen as well as if he had seen, turned, stooped and picked up the medallion.

"Thank you, M. le Chevalier," said Lucette, with a lofty air, hardly appropriate from the girl to her future brother and familiar friend.

Gaspar made a step forward and placed the medallion in her hand. Letourneau was watching, lost in admiration of the blind lad's adroitness. As Gaspar's hand and Lucette's met there sprang into the girl's pale face a quick deep blush; the pure young blood seemed to run and spread like wildfire; she held her head higher than before; she turned her eyes steadily towards the fluttering, chattering, congratulatory group which had pressed round Monton, but the rich red burned on in ruthless triumph; and before it faded and disappeared Nature's signal, extraordinary to say, had spoken straight out to Letourneau, of all people, in the world; he could not for a moment mistake it.

No one else was looking at Lucette. The general attention was soon to be drawn towards her by Monton's next poem, entitled "Une Rose de Martinique," in allusion to the isle of Mdlle.

de la Rose's birth; but just now the whole room was occupied with the poet himself. Only Letourneau saw. In a flash he remembered Lucette's frequent visits to the pavilion in the birch wood. She had found great favor with him, her ways were so sweet, her respectful curtsseys were the prettiest he had ever seen, and she would run on with her merry talk in his presence, secure as a child. But he knew that the pretty creature, who seemed half fairy, half romp, and was really altogether woman, was Mdlle. de la Rose, one of the finest fortunes in France, and on the point of being affianced to the elder son of the Marquis de Bessay.

Poor Letourneau, prompted by affection, had desired to find out a secret. Here it was suddenly open before him, and he stood staring and moving his mouth about as if what he now desired above all things was to dislocate his jaw.

* * * * *

The next morning Gaspar, as he walked wearily to and fro in the pavilion *salon*, was surprised to hear the *curé*'s hob-nailed shoes coming at their usual smart pace up the wood path. He went to meet him.

"I am not ready," he said, "The Muse never comes near me so early as this."

"No, no; never mind about that," said Letourneau. "I—but wait."

They entered the pavilion.

"What is the matter?" said Gaspar.

"Nothing," said Letourneau.

He sat down. So did Gaspar.

"I only wished to have a little conversation with you," said the *curé* very awkwardly.

"Ah!" cried Gaspar, feeling in his pocket, "a cow has died in the village, or some one is ill. What am I to give?"

"No, no, no," said Letourneau impatiently, "nothing of the kind. What

did you think of the reading yesterday?" he inquired, moderating his tone.

"Nonsense," said Gaspar; "what does all this mean? Let Monton go to the devil. You did not walk over here before midday to talk about *him*."

Letourneau took out a coarse handkerchief, wiped the perspiration from his face, stooped down, carefully dusted his shoes, wiped his face again with the dustiest part of his handkerchief, and then, as he thrust the square of linen back into his pocket, he said, speaking, it seemed, more to himself than to Gaspar.

"I do not like politic marriages. When we say marriage we mean union. How can want of money on one side and ambition for a title on the other unite two persons? Only affection does that. These artificial arrangements dishonor the sacrament."

"If you don't take care," said Gaspar calmly, "you will lose your cure. I am sure your sentiments are unorthodox. Worse still, well-brought-up people would say they were vulgar. Worst of all, I must confess they bore me."

Yet his lip quivered.

Letourneau seemed to come out of a dream.

"Gaspar," he said, leaning forward, "it is not in my habits to look much at young ladies."

"I suppose not," said Gaspar, completely mystified.

Letourneau went on. "There is a young lady—I have seen her often—here—in this room—I consider her a very good and charming young person—I mean Mdlle. de la Rose."

Gaspar's face changed. He looked ill-pleased. He said nothing.

Letourneau stood up. "I feel my lack of language," he said.

"Perhaps, then," said Gaspar with singular gravity, "you had better say no more."

"It is quite correct," said Letourneau,

still floundering, "to charge me with inobservancy as a rule. Oh, the poor little thing," he now burst out, full of resolution and feeling, "the poor, innocent, good, little child—Gaspar, Gaspar, she loves you."

Gaspar sprang up.

"Silence!" he cried. "Are you mad?" He was trembling violently.

"Go—leave me," he said.

Letourneau kept his ground. He had quite got over his embarrassment and spoke firmly, though in a very low voice.

"I am in my sober senses," he said. "I have thought much whether it would become me to speak. But in the end, knowing what I know, I dared not keep silence. I should have felt as if I had a share in responsibility for the misery of two young hearts. Am I doing wrong? My intention is right. I have spoken and it is not too late."

"Ah, ah, I know—I know well enough what put this idea into your visionary head," cried Gaspar, striking the table by which he stood with his shut fist as if he had a hand as hard as the wood. "I'll tell you what I heard my mother say four days ago as I came through the ante-chamber, and she was sitting in her boudoir with—with Mdlle. de la Rose. *'I want to thank you,'* said my mother, *'for all your kindness to my poor blind boy.'* Ah, it hurt, that did, but it did me good. The shock I got taught me what way I was beginning to wander. Beginning? Have pity on me, Heaven! The ridiculousness of it! Poor blind boy! And you take on yourself to put this frantic interpretation on the amiable attentions of a tender-hearted girl? Fie, Letourneau, fie! Wait a bit! Isn't it so? You have no right—no reason—she has not—nothing has been *said!*"

"Not a word, not half a word," Letourneau replied. "But I am sure of the fact."

"You'll drive me to insult you. Sure—how sure? Speak, man, speak."

Letourneau was in a strange confusion. He minded Gaspar's angry speeches no more than if they had been blows struck at him involuntarily by some one in spasms of pain. But how could he find words in which to render the impression he had received on the previous afternoon? That impression, so astounding, deep, delicate and inefaceable, how describe it?

A blush; he had noticed that the girl blushed.

The incident related in his bare rough style would bring Gaspar's sore mockery down on him in a worse storm than ever.

Lo, as he hesitated, it broke out again.

"Nothing!—nothing to say!" he exclaimed. "A baseless suggestion! Go home, I advise you, and pray to be freed from this foolish meddling spirit—one so foreign to my friend as I have known him, so little like Letourneau. Yet! Yet! Do you suppose that if I thought what you say to be true I would let the family convenience stand in my way? Poor blind boy as I am, I would have my love if I fought all France for her. I would so! If it were true that Lucette loved me! Lucette, Lucette!"

He dropped down on the chair again, leaning forward with his hands on the table, and burst into passionate weeping.

Then for the first time Letourneau saw Lucinde de la Rose, standing just inside the glass door. She had little Ernest De Puy with her, the four-year-old son of Gaspar's married sister. The Marquise had sent Lucette to the Chevalier's pavilion to say good-bye, and, having lost all her old courageous simplicity, she chose to bring the child. Open-eyed he stood, aware of something strange. Lucette signed to Letourneau to keep still. She crossed the

room with hurried gliding steps, and Gaspar, sunk in his anguish, was as deaf as blind, until the girl dropped her soft arms upon his neck and leaned over him and kissed his forehead and whispered, while her heart beat louder than her words came, "It is true."

The next moment she sprang away and took shelter, as it were, against the stained and tattered cassock of the *curé*. There had been something of inexpressible sacredness about that sweet caress, so freely, fearlessly given in the presence of a priest and a little child.

"I am your wife or no man's now, Gaspar," she said proudly. But Letourneau had to support her, or she would have fallen to the ground.

There was a great to-do. The extraordinary young barbarians who ventured to suggest that their unauthorized feelings should be considered important would have been laughed at no doubt, but that each of them had an idolizing parent. As for De Valmény, Gaspar making a loyal confession to him, the Comte espoused his brother's cause. He had been prepared to oblige his family, but, as it chanced, by keeping his liberty a little longer he would oblige himself, and that was even more in his line. The Marquis de Bessay was furious. His wife represented to him that it would be easy to find another good alliance for the handsome and brilliantly placed soldier, while Lucette was for certain the only heiress in France who would fancy their youngest born. Clear gain. The Marquis began to soften. Not so De la Rose. He sulked at Combes, and forbade his daughter to leave the grounds. He would have forbidden the Chevalier's mother to enter them, but she did not wait to ask permission.

"What is all this?" she briskly inquired. "True, she will not be Marquise. But you will still have for your grandchildren—De Bessays. Isn't that rather better than having none at

all? Don't you see how thin your daughter has grown? She says she will never do anything to displease you, so you feel safe; but if she dies sha'n't you be displeased? Suit yourself; only, when lovely little Lucette leaves your door for the churchyard instead of the church, never say you were not warned."

Three days later Letourneau, coming into the pavilion *salon*, was met and warmly embraced by Gaspar.

"We are to be married—her father has yielded—he is content—we are to be married. Listen, my happiness makes me afraid!"

"No, no," said the *curé*, the very shape of whose face seemed to alter, so

wonderful was the broadness of his beaming smile. "Thank God for it, my son, and go on."

"And how can I ever repay you?" said Gaspar thoughtfully. "Alas! you are one of those people who want nothing. There is nothing I can do."

"You are quite mistaken," said Letourneau very eagerly. "You threw everything to the winds while you were in suspense, and I abstained from making a remark; but now—now—I promise me, Gaspar, that either before or after your marriage, our translation from the Georgics shall be continued—completed."

Gaspar smiled tenderly.

"I promise, my dear friend," he said.

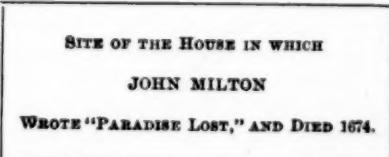
S. M. Creed.

Longman's Magazine.

A SITE IN MOORFIELDS.

In the great vision of Athens in "Paradise Regained" Milton speaks of the low-roofed house of Socrates as existing four hundred years after the death of him "Who, well-inspired, the oracle pronounced the Wisest of men." Did he dictate these lines with the unuttered thought that his own low-roofed house in Artillery Walk, Moorfields, might perchance be deemed worthy of preservation? It is possible that Milton, who wrote for undying fame, pleased himself with this prospect. He was proud that his birthplace in Bread Street had already been visited by distinguished foreigners. That house had just fallen in the Great Fire. Here in Artillery Walk he had completed "Paradise Lost," and was now writing "Paradise Regained," with "Samson Agonistes" forming in his mind. Here the most of the happiness and homage that life had brought him had been enjoyed. Would men venerate these humble walls, and a future London beat against them in vain?

It has not been so. The house in which Milton spent the last eleven years of his life, and from which the manuscript of "Paradise Lost" went to Mr. Simmons to be printed, has tamely disappeared. But the site is known, and last week a tablet with the following inscription was placed over the door of a business house in Bunhill Row:—



Bunhill Row—formerly Artillery Walk—belongs to a large group of streets to which the ordinary Londoner penetrates only when they are on fire, and although this is not infrequently the case the circumstances do not favor topographical research. The region lies just north of the old City wall, and

te this day there is about it we know not what air of mixed life—City and primary suburban. Here the wealthy offices of shipping and insurance companies are not found; these come no further north than London Wall. Instead we have a region of factories, warehouses and coffee-rooms. The road is tedious with van and dray, and the pavement is vexed by packing-cases. You gather that in Bunhill Row, Chiswell Street, Fore Street and their offshoots much semi-manufacture is carried on. Many things are cut out, fitted, prepared. Where else would you expect to come upon a horse-hair seating manufactory? Here improbable things like picture mouldings and cattle spice are obtainable in bulk; here the ostrich feather is curled into grace, and Christmas cards and tropical helmets and account books and oleograph views of Windsor Castle are stocked with full knowledge. There are shops, too, at intervals for ordinary kitchen shopping. As you trend south the aspect of things becomes tighter, sterner, and soon you are hemmed in by the towering light-goods warehouses of Jewin Street, Australian Avenue and Aldersgate Street. All this is Milton's region. He lived in turns in Aldersgate Street, the Barbican, Jewin Street and Artillery Walk. In Aldersgate Street, next to the Golden Lion, Samuel Simmons's shelves bore the weight of an unsold "Paradise Lost." Across the street, in Little Britain, the book-sellers were thick on the ground, and there the Earl of Dorset picked up the book and took it home to read, afterwards sending it to Dryden, who gasped and said: "This man cuts us all out, and the ancients too."

Milton sat much at home, kept there by his work and his blindness. The house was a small one. Professor Masson has found out that it was rated at four hearths for the hearth-tax; that is to say, that Milton's house contained

but four rooms in which a fire could be lighted. It was one of a row of a dozen or more houses, of which the six in which Milton's occurs are scheduled as follows:—

Mr. Beck, 6 hearths.

Samuel Kindall, 4 hearths.

Widow Bowers, 4 hearths.

John Melton [Milton], 4 hearths.

Richard Hardinge, 6 hearths.

Mr. Howard, 5 hearths.

The "Walk" was rightly so called, for it was properly that, and not a street lined on each side with houses. Opposite the little row of houses, and overlooked by their bedroom windows, was the wall of the Artillery Garden, over which came sometimes the shouts of drill and the rhythms of fife and drum. One suspects that a walk which gave access to fields was often noisy. It may have been the swilled insolence and loose songs of passing youths that drew from the poet the biographical interlude in the seventh book of "Paradise Lost":—

Still govern thou my song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though
few.

But drive far off the barbarous disso-
nance

Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thra-
cian bard

In Rhodope, where woods and rocks
had ears

To rapture, till the savage c' amor
drown'd

Both harp and voice; nor could the
Muse defend
Her son.

In Newcourt's magnificent map of London, dated 1658, showing London before the Fire on a large scale, you can distinguish all the houses in Artillery Walk. Each is separately drawn, and there is little difficulty in selecting Milton's in the irregularly built row. It appears that it was the ninth house from one end—from the south end we

fancy. Each house has a garden behind it, and these gardens, even their trees, are exactly marked in Newcourt's map. In his own plot the poet, we know, walked and sat in his gray coarse coat enjoying the air. Within doors he is pictured by a friend as sitting in his elbow-chair, dressed neatly in black, "pale, but not cadaverous, his hands and fingers gouty, and with chalk-stones."

The neighborhood with whose sounds and gossip he was familiar, might be described as a compactly populated suburb. Milton's house was on the fringe of the town; to the north and east spread the fields on which Finsbury now stands. Across the fields eastward the long arm of Norton Folgate and Shoreditch ran up into the country, roofs, windows and gardens seen brilliantly at sunset across half a mile of grass. Between these two arms of the town, standing on little hillocks, six windmills bickered merrily in the breeze. Milton must often have heard their sails creaking when he strolled that way, guided by some friendly hand. But he had not long been settled in Artillery Walk when every breeze became infected with plague. He retired to Chalfont to the "pretty box" that Elwood had taken for him, and stayed there until the general return to the silent and exhausted City. Escaping the terrors of the Plague, he did not escape those of the Fire. His house was not burned, for the flames were rolled back in their northward race by the City wall; but for three days and nights Milton sat in dread, learning hourly from his friends how London was sinking under this new vial of wrath. Scarcely had the City begun to rebuild itself when the roar of Dutch cannon was heard in the river. It was in a London distractred by plague, fire and war that "Paradise Lost" made its appearance.

More tranquil years followed, and

between 1668 and 1674 Milton lived quietly, dictating his poems, enjoying the meals with which his young wife sought to please him, and receiving old friends and new. One of his callers in Artillery Walk was Dryden. The Poet Laureate seems to have inspired Milton with a feeling akin to good-humored contempt, and certainly the feeling was justified by Dryden's request that he might be allowed to make a rhymed drama out of "Paradise Lost" for presentation at the King's Theatre. Aubrey tells us that "Mr. Milton received him civilly, and told him he would give him leave 'to tag his verses.'" The phrase was a better joke than it looks. In those days—the point is Professor Masson's, as, indeed, are most points about Milton—men tied various parts of their costume with strings, which were shod at the end with brightly burnished or colored metal. In telling Dryden that he might tag his verses, he was exactly hitting off Dryden's purpose of pointing them with rhymes; and there is evidence that after the adapter's departure he nourished himself on this pleasantry for days. Those who wish to keep their respect for Dryden had best not look at that tagged version.

In no blaze of glory did the poet of the Commonwealth end his days in Moorfields. To many, as to Evelyn, he was the poet who had written for the Regicides. At the Restoration he had been obliged to hide himself in a house in Bartholomew Close, and the suspicion with which he was long regarded showed itself in the grotesque doubts entertained by the Press licenser, Thomas Tomkyns, as to lurking sedition in certain passages of "Paradise Lost." Peace and security were the most that Milton could look for in the twilight of his defeated political hopes. One day a little funeral procession moved down Artillery Walk and down Grub Street into Cripplegate, and it was quickly known that Mr. Milton

was to be buried. A Londoner in the full sense of the word, he was gathered to his parish graveyard like a London merchant, and his bones were laid side by side with those of a student of London. "I ghesse Jo Speed and he lie together," writes Aubrey, trying to fix the poet's resting-place.

The little home was at once broken up like any other. Mrs. Milton is heard of at Chester; Milton's three daughters by his first wife passed into the world of London as persons of no account. Mary died single. Anne married a builder, and died in giving birth to her first child. Deborah, the youngest, who had been closest to her father, married a poor Spitalfields weaver named Clarke, and lived on until 1727. In her last years she was discovered by the fashionable literary world, and much was done for this poor old daughter of John Milton, who, it is said, could still repeat, without understanding a word of them, some of the poet's favorite passages in Homer, Euripides and Ovid. Addison, who had revived her father's poetry, died before he could obtain a pension for his daughter, but Queen Caroline sent her fifty guineas. Her son Caleb went to India, and nothing is known of his descendants. There remained her daughter Elizabeth. Eighty years after Milton's death a woman who kept a chandler's shop in Shoreditch died in her sixty-sixth year, depressed by age and poverty. This was Elizabeth Foster, granddaughter of Milton, and his last known descendant. She, too, had been found out by kindly people. Dr. Johnson sums up her last days in short sentences. "In 1750, April 5, "Comus" [which was played last week in Cripplegate] was played for her benefit. She had so little acquaintance with diversion or gaiety, that she did not know what was intended when a benefit was offered her. The profits of the

night were only one hundred and thirty pounds . . . of this sum one hundred pounds were placed in the stocks, after some debate between her and her husband in whose name it should be entered; and the rest augmented their little stock, with which they removed to Islington. This was the greatest benefaction that "Paradise Lost" ever procured the author's descendants; and to this he who has now attempted to relate his life, had the honor of contributing a Prologue."

Its inmates scattered, its hearth, never a very bright one, grown cold, Milton's four-roomed house and garden passed away in the spread and improvement of London. On the spot where he drank from the Castalian spring a firm of well-sinkers now transacts its business, but theirs is another search. At least, it is good to have the site thus marked. Here, even here, where the crane swings, and the errand boy hastens past with jugs of coffee for a warehouse breakfast, Milton revolved on an empyrean scale the ways of God to man, and invented those harmonies which are as imperishable as the language or as man's love of lovely things. In small surroundings, neighbored by small people, blind, and perhaps remorseful, his mind knew no confinement. Drawing strength from the fountains of learning and philosophy, and its sense of beauty from the undying poets of the ancient world, it still contemplated all that is most august in man's pilgrimage. Like Adam, on the hill in Paradise:—

His eye might there command wher-
ever stood
City of old or modern fame, the seat
Of mightiest empire, from the destined
walls
Of Cambalu, seat of Cathalan Can,
And Samarcand by Oxus, Temir's
throne,
To Paquin of Sinean Kings.

PIERRE LOTI IN PEKING.*

In England, at least, M. Loti, like M. Anatole France, has enjoyed the rare good fortune of only being read by his admirers. This is at once the limitation, as it is the reward, of those writers whose most urgent appeal is the appeal to the literary instinct. At first sight it would seem indeed that Pierre Loti's chief and distinguishable gift is that of definite vision. He *sees* the object before him, man or landscape, with the same easy vivid precision, the modern categorical eye, which, to us, seems most peculiarly the attribute of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Only, with M. Loti, it is the eye of a Frenchman among Frenchmen. With him, and beneath his most careless, his most contemporary flippancy of epithet, we are always aware of the training, the school, the severe and self-imposed limitations of the ardent and scrupulous Writer. A long national tradition enriches and clarifies his simple yet supple phrasing. Where the Englishman cuts to the heart of his subject with swift and colored metaphor, regardless of all but the ultimate veracity of his effect, M. Loti, with equally definite vision, ponders, measures, selects; presenting us at last with some impression too vivid and personal to be "precious;" too much filtered and elaborated in its cunning simplicity to be popular; a thing compact of art, and valuable because of its serious and careful beauty.

This, we need hardly add, is M. Pierre Loti at his best. And for some time past that best has been getting less and less frequent. For the last four or five years his work has often bordered upon the affected and the disappointing. Monotony and Imitation—those hateful and bloodless twin phantoms

which haunt academies and dog the footsteps of over-educated man—have seemed to threaten the author of all those later volumes on exotic Marriage, and exotic Death and Love. It was a case of M. Loti writing more and more like M. Pierre Loti. The old dexterities survived the ancient magic. And in middle age we all do so much in the way of business pure and simple—life after forty seems so often to flow on like a canalized river, a thing of nature still, but a force working within hard and fast walls and appraised according to its usefulness—that we had almost ceased to look out for new surprises from such an accomplished craftsman. It is with all the greater delight, with renewed enthusiasm and delight, that we hail the book now before us.

In "Les Derniers Jours de Pékin" M. Loti has not only revived for us the earlier enchantments of his style and feeling, but he has found a new and living subject; something infinitely old, and obvious, and quite untouched. In these pages, jotted down day by day amidst harassing conditions of travel, amidst confusing experiences and privations, and never revised—sent off as fast as they were written to the Paris "Figaro," and now republished by that journal in the continued absence of the author still on duty—in these rich, vivid, triumphant pages of description M. Loti has taken possession of China with the same large grasp of the master as that with which Mr. Kipling annexed British India. Nothing picturesque or dramatically descriptive will be said of either country for these many years to come that does not in some appreciable degree derive its most direct inspiration from one or the other of these two seers and recorders. Each

* "Les Derniers Jours de Pekin." By Pierre Loti. (Paris, Calmann Levy, 3f. 50c.)

man has recognized and claimed his own territory with equal happy authority. Yet the difference between their methods is, as we have already suggested, a vital difference. In this last book M. Loti's prose shines with a texture as rich, deep and elaborate as that of the embroidered stuffs, the lacquered and gilded temples of the ancient civilization which has so inspired him. "Les Derniers Jours de Pékin" is emphatically a book to read, not to be quoted. Its effect, when we consider how it was written, is quite curiously cumulative. For M. Loti has not only observed and reproduced the actual appearances of things for us with all the scrupulous and passionate attention of a painter, but throughout the volume the reader is constantly aware of a deepening and growing preoccupation with the larger issues of life. The fall of an Empire inconceivably old and complicated; the end of terrible, of long enduring, often of beautiful strange things; that is the *leit motif* of M. Loti's brilliant performance. A brooding sense of the irreparable; a living sense of justice; a palpitating sense of the actual, the picturesque; that is what we find in this little volume. Its appeal is as much to the imagination as to the feeling for beauty. And everywhere the most banal experience of the careless official or the busy subaltern is enriched with the inevitable, the "illuminating" word.

It was early in October, 1901, that M. Loti left his ship, detailed by the French Admiral to bear despatches to Peking. The war was officially ended. The towns through which he passed were in ashes and in ruin; the vast plains, planted with sorghum, which seem to stretch from the banks of the Pei-Ho River to the dusty horizon line, bore a withered, uncut harvest of forgotten grain; and day and night dead, mutilated bodies caught in the reeds

or floated about the junk. M. Loti says:—

There was nothing on the grand scale here, but it was real China; a very old China, grimacing and hostile. . . . A wilderness of monsters, in marble, in broken porcelain, in worm-eaten wood, falling into dust in the inner courts or threatening from the edge of the roofs; horrible figures peeping out everywhere under ash and ruin; horns; claws; forked tongues, and large, treacherous eyes. And in the melancholy walled-in gardens a few late roses are still a-bloom beneath very ancient trees. . . . How sinister this first nightfall about our junk, in that very alien silence into which we are going deeper and deeper, hour by hour. So much shadow about us, and so many dead among the reeds.

They have no stairs, but are built very deep, these Chinese houses, these ordinary sheltered homes of quiet people, with inner court after little court, guarded by ancient and familiar monsters all worn smooth by countless hands that have polished and effaced the granite. He notes:—

And we see intimate Chinese details, touching and pretty things. In one place the toys have been forgotten, some poor dolls belonging to a child whose little head was, no doubt, long since split open. A bird-cage hangs in its accustomed corner; the bird is in it still, on its back, with little stiffened claws.

In yet another house, a rich man's house, amidst a great display of enamels and stuffs and flowers, there is the mutilated corpse of a woman. In the luxuriously shadowy room among the old and precious furniture, all untouched, they grope about the floor for the missing head, and find it—

A round, dark object, under the armchair, lying by the side of a disembowelled cat; you can see an open mouth and teeth; it is half hidden by the long tresses.

Everywhere, to the very walls of Peking, we are pursued by this obsession of death; brutal, unmeaning, humiliating death in the midst of ancient luxury and among the *débris* of immemorial, unimaginable riches. Inside that city of the incredible, the blank, battlemented, "Babylonian" walls—that city guarded by gates so deep that they are pierced by winding tunnels and surmounted by dungeons five stories deep, which show in monstrous silhouette against the sky—within Peking, our author's first impression is that of a town built of gilded wooden fretwork and millions and millions of little gray bricks. Gray bricks are everywhere; they account, says M. Loti, for the way in which whole streets, whole quarters of the city have literally crumbled under the fire of the allied forces. Miles, leagues of small gray brick; a bitter, cutting, increasing ice wind from the north, and dust everywhere; dust ankle deep; dust hanging suspended in the saturated, tainted air, thick as London fog. We almost share M. Loti's sense of physical relief, as he passes, after some days, from this, the Tartar City, where the Legations stood and where the Europeans fought, into the mysterious precincts of the Imperial Palace. There in the very heart of the Forbidden City, behind a triple ring of walls, living among the trees and gardens of a vast utterly unknown park, surrounded by treasures of which the European mind has no knowledge or conception, M. Loti wrote much of this little book.

We must refer our readers to his pages for the descriptions of the siege of the French Legation; the heroic defence of the French mission; the visit to the Llama temples; the first entrance to the Emperor's private apartments; the story of the yellow and white cat; the story of the Empress Dowager's slipper. We had marked page after page for special reference, but space fails us to do more than briefly men-

tion a rare find of what M. Loti calls the unknown, unsuspected side of Chinese art; "an art at the least equal to our own, although profoundly differing." It was in the Palace of Ancestors, a lacquer and gold temple, hidden in a cypress wood, set about with marble terraces and strange, terrible fantastic arches, commemorating ancient triumphs of which we have never heard, that M. Loti came upon a treasure of very old silk pictures. There were thousands of these, stored in lacquer cabinets the size of small houses. Portraits chiefly of

Dead emperors seen hunting, or lost in solitary dreaming in old forests which fill the mind with terror and inspire you with homesick longings for the nature of long ago—for the inviolated world of the rocks and the trees.

And the Empresses, these painted in water color chiefly—

Pale, pale portraits, almost colorless, more like faces seen in a reflection and ready to vanish; a perfection of modelling work achieved with apparently no effort; with all the intensity concentrated in the eyes *which one knows are a likeness*, and which force you to live for one strange instant face to face with dead princesses asleep these centuries past beneath their monstrous mausoleums.

Representations of all official processions and embassies for hundreds and hundreds of years were among this find; even one forgotten embassy under Louis XIV, with a train of little microscopic Frenchmen dressed for Versailles and all in wigs to rival their distant Sovereign.

Much that is horrible—the shadows of torture and cold cruelty—must necessarily be spoken of in a book treating of the overthrow of an old, complicated and barbarian polity. But we closed M. Loti's pages with much the same

feeling that moved him, gazing on the cloud of dust below and fretted gold unfamiliar skyline of the fallen and above; where he discovered new, Imperial city—where all is a lowering strange Beauty.

The London Times.

A BIRD STUDY AT DAWN.

Where the Wye debouches into the estuary of the Severn there is, at low tide, a plentiful abundance of very soft mud much affected by the redshank and the black-headed gull. Over the far-stretching wastes of the estuary itself, which, in the evening, beneath the wan splendor of a winter sunset, present effects that yield not in their sad and pensive desolation to those of many a bolder shore—it is wonderful then how mud can be glorified—the glasses cannot be used with much effect. Vast realms of lifeless solitude have invariably to be swept by them before there appear certain dots, which, by moving, prove themselves in due season to be birds. They are sure to be but moderately distant from some projecting point of land belonging to the opposite shore, but knowing that, were you there, they would then be standing on the nearer muddiness which skirts your own, you do not repine at this much. You wish only that your very good glasses were a degree or two better. But from either bank of the Wye—and especially from a little green knoll near a pretty little village that I know of on one of them—a close study can be made of what goes on either in the water or on the steep, sloping mud-banks ascending from it when the tide is out. Rising before dawn and creeping into the midst of bushes that look down upon black seaweed, one prepares—comforted with two huge plaids and some “pretty little tiny kickshaws” in

the way of minor wraps—to see one kind of world grow, gradually, into another. The moon is at its full, and—though not far from six by the clock—shining with wonderful brilliancy. The world sleeps in silver, and the yellow light of an early-lit lantern in some black fishing-smack, at anchor—of all human handiwork, perhaps, that which least jars with nature—is the only thing that hints at coming day. By some effect of chiaroscuro which none but artists need understand, only the upper part of the line of mud-bank is caught—and beautifully caught—by the moon-beams. Below this, a deep, dark shadow seems sometimes the water itself, sometimes a frowning precipice that it laps, sometimes the near-lying hills reflected within it.

Slowly—wonderfully slowly—that black and formless inkiness passes into something like an outline and begins, at length, to assume its familiar features, slowly the moon, still shining, ceases to hallow and becomes hard and hag-like. At length, just as the mud-banks are mud-banks and the earth lies revealed and palpable, a distinct but not yet a hard reality, just as the cold gray morning kisses, with chillier lips, the cold dark night, a little silver cloud comes moving, swiftly and silently, over “that broad water of the west” in which the Wye loses itself, and, entering the narrower channel at its exact centre, continues up it with the same mathematical accuracy and, sweeping round the first broad, crescent bend,

passes "in music out of sight"—for there is a music of sight and motion as well as of sound. It is the first batch of the first-arriving gulls and it is worth rising in midwinter and sitting for a cold hour and more to see that lovely coming, that quiet greeting of the quiet, silent dawn. Other bands follow, but there is something in that first arrival—the first soft sliding of life into a dead-awakening world—that is never after equalled. They bring no tidings, these others, they come not as the harbingers of joy and day. They are birds, merely, whilst to their fair avant-couriers the imagination—struggle as it will if it must struggle—has to attribute something of an angelic character. They fly on too and disappear; the gulls settle down on the water. At first they are idle and do not seem to be hungry. As time goes on, however, their appetites develop, though always compared to other species—the herring or black-backed gulls for instance—they are dainty feeders. Floating gracefully on the water, on which they sit high and light, the head and tail well raised, one or another of them will, ever and anon, rise into the air and circle about at a moderate height. At once one comes sweeping down, seems about to plunge, but, pausing and checking itself when almost on the surface, hovers for a moment above it with an undulatory motion, then shoots suddenly skywards again, in a swift sidelong sweep. Another circle or two, another descent, more hovering, and this time the plunge is made, or rather, the bird just drops upon the water, its legs stretched, dangling, down—a little projected—as though about to seize on something with its feet—a thing, I believe, which a gull does not, though it habitually strikes with them. As it pitches, the head bobs forward and something is taken on the surface of the water with just the very tip of the bill. The ac-

tion is quiet and the look of the bird inquisitorial as though it were piercing into something very minute and not greatly worth the getting. As floating débris is generally, then, to be seen it looks as if an insect or other excrescence had been picked off some kind of weed that the stream was carrying down with it—though to the great masses of black-brown seaweed clothing some rocks near them these gulls pay no attention. Small profits and by no means quick returns seem to content them in their water-work, and when they feed on the mud-banks of the river, it is, apparently, upon the same principle of moderation. Sweeping these last with the glasses it is impossible to see any, the slightest, projection upon their surface, which, though often furrowed with deep corrugations resembling miniature gorges with high, sharp ridges between—nay, with smaller ones more like those of "the ribbed sea-sand"—is yet without crack or roughness—the wrinkles themselves are smooth. But just under this shining epidermis there is something upon which a flock of redshanks—numbering upwards of a hundred—seem principally—if not exclusively—to live. These little birds run about over this their happy hunting-ground, imprinting, with each little dainty step that they take, a pretty little mark in the soft mud, so that they leave behind them a neat little track, which it is pleasant, through the glasses, to see a-making. At frequent intervals they stop and pressing upon, rather than probing, the soft carpet with the tips of their slender bills—doing it all so delicately that they look like so many little doctors feeling a pulse—they get something and run on again. What it is that they get it is impossible to tell—at least by watching them—but it must be very minute, since the mandibles are not seen to divide. That it is an actual substance—not mere ooze sucked up—I should judge

by the way in which they run about, as though in quest of some special thing, which, all at once, in some particular place—here and not there—they find; and that they find it by sight—some minute mark upon the surface of the mud, which the glasses fail, altogether, to detect—also seems probable.

Whether the gulls, when they walk slowly over these slopes and at intervals bend forward the head, are in search of such same tiny morsels as contribute so largely to the support of the redshanks I cannot say, but what they get seems to be equally small, for neither are their mandibles seen to divide, nor can anything, as a rule, be seen between them. But, if they are searchers, they are far less eager ones than their little stilted companions, who run briskly about amongst them, some-

times incurring their anger and subjecting themselves to an unworthy attack. They do not walk much, or many paces at a time, and, moreover, they keep more to the extreme margin of the slope, by the water, where it is sometimes flat for a little, and where bunches of seaweed occasionally cling—though to these they do not appear to pay any special attention. Something, however, they certainly do get and each bird, as he gets it, is regularly attacked by the one standing nearest, who rises and flies at him. The successful bird is in no way discomposed. He waits quietly till the other is almost upon him and then, moving like a skilful toreador at the exact moment, flies to a little farther on along the bank. The aggressor takes his place and the incident, as a rule, is closed.

Edmund Selous.

The Saturday Review.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The cover of James D. Corrothers's little volume, "The Black Cat Club," is enough to warn the fastidious reader that much of the humor in these sketches of negro life in the North will be too broad or too flat for his taste. Fortunately its quality is uneven, and one comes upon really droll bits of satire and caricature now and then. The moral of the book—for it has an obvious moral—points toward industrial, not college, training for the negro. Funk & Wagnalls Co.

"The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop" was an Indian Agent who had an ideal, and his experiences in trying to realize it, as Mr. Hamlin Garland narrates them, will interest not only the novel reader but the philanthropist.

It would be hard to find a more effective presentation of the red man's case—since "Ramona"—than is here made, and if the writer has sometimes sacrificed his art to his zeal, his story is still well above the level of average fiction. His portraits of the Indian impress one as done from the life, and his descriptions of natural scenery are of noticeable quality. With these features to appease the more critical reader, and with a stirring plot for the less fastidious, the book seems admirably fitted to carry its message to a large public, in spite of some glaring defects. Harper & Bros.

That "doctors disagree" is amusingly illustrated in the fascinating little collection of extracts, entitled "Right

Reading," which A. C. McClurg & Co. publish. James Russell Lowell is "half inclined to say that any reading is better than none," Lord Sherbrooke predicts hopefully that "the reading of better books will come when you have a habit of reading the inferior," Dr. Johnson's dictum is "Read anything five hours a day and you will soon be learned;" while Carlyle growls out that "it would be much safer and better for many a reader if he had no concern with books at all," Schopenhauer cautions "Be careful to limit your time for reading, and devote it exclusively to the works of great minds," and Mr. John Morley completes the conscientious reader's confusion by the statement that "some of the most famous books are least worth reading." From the Merrymount Press, attractively printed and bound, the dainty volume is uncommonly tempting.

The rapid succession of Mr. Crockett's romances has concentrated on him the contempt which it is the fashion to feel for the "kailyard school," and his most loyal admirers have been forced to admit that he was writing himself out—and down. But "The Dark o' the Moon" will recall to many who have been disappointed in his later stories the enjoyment with which they read "The Raiders," and they will be doubly pleased as they discover that this book is a sequel to that. *Silver Sand*, *May Mischief* and *Patrick Heron* reappear, and the plot turns on the love of young Maxwell Heron for the daughter of Hector Faa. A story of the Galloway Levellers, it is full of color and incident, and there are some really striking passages, though the conclusion is a trifle too obvious. After all, the reader who would distract himself with a clean, wholesome story of adventure will do better to keep on with Crockett than to try experiments with the hundred and one new writers who have no

reputations to ridicule. Harper & Bros.

Numbers of pupils and parishioners will welcome the souvenir volume which the American Tract Society publish under the title "Joy in Service," containing two sermons by the lamented Dr. George T. Purves, together with the memorial address given at his funeral by President Patton. Combining in a rare degree the gifts of pastor, preacher and teacher, Dr. Purves's personality made itself felt as a source of sympathy and inspiration from his pulpits in Baltimore, Pittsburg and New York, as well as from his professor's chair in Princeton Seminary. The two sermons in this little volume are admirably selected, the one showing the intense earnestness and spiritual aspiration of the preacher, the other his breadth of view. A lifelike portrait increases the value of the book.

Mr. Frederick Haynes Newell's volume upon "Irrigation in the United States" comes from the press of Thomas Y. Crowell at what may be called "the psychological moment" when Congress is on the point of instituting a great national scheme of irrigation in sixteen states and territories where there are large areas of arid and semiarid lands. Mr. Newell is chief of the division of hydrography of the United States Geological Survey, so that he writes from fulness of practical and scientific knowledge of his subject. He describes what has already been done, often by crude and simple methods, and outlines the possibilities of the future with irrigation enterprises such as the national government may set on foot. His book is clearly and interestingly written and copiously illustrated; and it will be a treasury of information to all who, either as settlers, or as statesmen or as students seek to acquaint themselves with the facts relating to this great national question.

BIRD OF PARADISE.

Through the wood, through the wood,
sweet and shrill and clear,
Round the hill, down the vale, still the
music rings,
Now piping far away, fluting now
anear—
'Tis the robin sings.

One there was, years ago, hearkened
to a song,
Deep in a sunny wood listened all
alone,
Listened the space of a summer morn-
ing long . . .
Ere he turned home again half his
days were flown.

Bird of the tawny breast, bird of crys-
tal tongue,
You have your magic, too, to charm the
years away—
How they shine forth again, days when
all was young,
Here in the hazel-wood while you sing
to-day. . . .

How they come back again, happy days
and dear,
Hope of youth, heart of youth, unre-
membered Springs—
O, for a little moment Spring is here
While the robin sings.

Rosamund Marriott Watson.
Pall Mall Magazine.

FINITE AND INFINITE.

Backwards and forwards, ceaseless ebb
and flow,
Within thy mighty bounds, O purple
sea!
Eternal change meets changelessness
in thee;
Thy future as thy past will come and
go,
And every golden ripple on thy breast—
Flashing in sunshine, joyous in its
life
For a brief moment—sinks into the
strife
Of tumbling waters; restless, seeking
rest.

As ripples on Time's sea we come and
go,
Swept on the eternal waters to and fro,
Shadowed by clouds or joyous in the
sun,

Drops of that infinite ocean from whose
heart
We spring and thrill, an instant held
apart,
Before we melt and merge into the
One.

Francis Annesley.
Chambers's Journal.

SOLUS CUM SOLA.

You cannot tell how good she is,
How gracious and how fair,
By merely looking on her face
And all the beauty there.

You know not how her lips would speak
To others or to you;
You only know that all she says
Is certain to be true.

And if she grant you through her eyes
A peep into her soul,
'Tis but a slight and partial glimpse;
You never see the whole.

No, you must win her constant heart,
And keep it in your own,
Ere you can learn that what she is
She is for one alone.

And that, my friends, you will not do;
A Providence divine
Has found and fashioned her for me,
And she is wholly mine.

Arthur Munby.

FROM JUVENAL.

"More worlds to conquer," Alexander
cried,
He frets and sweats, pent in the nar-
row side
Of our cramped universe. Let him go
on
And reach his destined end, at Baby-
lon:
A coffin shall content him. Death alone
Your great man's littleness is bold to
own.

Stephen Gwynn.